

## Giantess Lammy X Parappa: Big-Step-Sisterly Fuckery (parody of Giantess Toriel X Asriel: Motherly Fuckery)

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### Summary

In what can only be described as the Parappa The Rapper equivalent to the infamous Giantess Toriel X Asriel: Motherly Fuckery fanfic from the Undertale fandom, Parappa one day finds out, in an urgent phone call from Chop Chop Master Onion, that Katy and Lammy (his big stepsister in this story) have drunkenly fallen asleep together in the Milkcan concert auditorium...and also that the legendary master himself has sent the incredibly dirty-minded Paul Chuck and Prince Fleaswallow as bodyguards...and also that he has a shrink gun.

What ends up happening from there is anyone's guess (wee, at least, anyone who hasn't read the original Motherly Fuckery before, that is), but what I definitely CAN tell you is that it makes the original MF look absolutely TAME by comparison.

Have FUN, motherfuckers!



# Chapter 1

## GIANTESS LAMMY X PARAPPA

One fateful night at around 11:00 PM in the grand urban metropolis of Tokyo- err, I mean Parappa Town, Parappa the Rapper (who had just recently done some serious housekeeping) was just minding his own adorable-puppy-rapper business lying down and taking a nice, relaxing snooze in the master bedroom of his lovely and adorably shy (and annoyingly twice as tall and lean as him) big stepsister Lammy Lamb's normally quite messy and cluttered apartment without a care in the world; much to his relief, the poor neurotic uncomfortably-hot mess of a surprisingly-not-entirely-stereotypical college-girl rockstar had gone out on a super-duper-huge lesbian date with her almost equally adorable girlfriend Katy Kat...which had presumably ended up with the two of them drunkenly passing out on the floor of the local Milkcan concert stage together, or at the very least, the master bedroom of Katy's apartment.

For once in what felt like almost a lifetime after spending only a mere week living with Lammy, there had thankfully been (almost) no completely crazy/random stuff happening whatsoever all throughout that whole entire day...no ridiculous LSD-induced visual effects...no constantly being teased about his rather vertically-challenged height...no constant over-the-top rapping challenges required just to complete menial and mundane everyday tasks...and best of all, no "LEAVE IT TO LAMMMYYYYYYY" or "MY GUITAR IS IN MY MINNND" or "SHE'S ON THE BORDER NOOOOOOWWWWWW" or "HIYYYATATAT-CHAAAHHHH" or even anything of the sort.

"Ah, peace and quiet...ironically the one specific thing that the average rapper apparently craves in life above all else according to my martial-arts teacher, and I can definitely see why!" Parappa suddenly woke up and yawned relievedly, sitting up in the bed, stretching his arms and scratching his armpits as he hopped down onto the smooth and lustrous wooden floor and began walking over to the kitchen pantry to get some peanut butter and crackers to snack on...when all of a sudden, at just about the least expected moment possible, his cell phone (which he had set on Lammy's bedside table, naturally) broke out into a manic fit of ringing!

"Well, what do you know? If I have to take a wild guess here, I'm going to have to assume that this means at least something along the lines of YUP, SO MUCH FOR ME SAYING THAT NOTHING FREAKING CRAZY WAS GOING TO END UP HAPPENING TO ME TONIGHT..." Parappa sighed irritably as he slyly strolled right back over into the bedroom, picked up his cell phone and checked to see who was calling him THIS time...even though he was honestly pretty sure that he already basically knew the answer to that question for a fact.

Sure enough, as he immediately found out (and again, pretty much already knew to begin with, since he was just about the only person that actually called him on the phone this late at night), the person that was trying to call him was, in fact, none other than the legendary (but mostly just weird, stinky and homeless) karate master known as Chop Chop Master Onion.

"Sigh...what do you want THIS time?" Parappa rolled his eyes and groaned exasperatedly, his eyes beginning to droop and sag a little as he reluctantly accepted the call request, sassily placing his left hand on his hip and tapping his right foot on the ground impatiently while he eagerly waited at least ten full seconds for Chop Chop to finally say something besides random goofy karate noises.

TEN SECONDS LATER...

"Greetings, stalwart young apprentice! Your master bring VERY important news to you this fateful night!" Chop Chop explained from halfway across town in his self-proclaimedly majestic

Fruites Dojo (that he had somehow literally rebuilt with his mind), sitting criss-crossed in midair just above his gross sweaty training mat (surrounded by a classic Chinese ritual circle of candles, of course, just to completely eliminate basically any sense of subtlety he could have even possibly had) and telekinetically levitating the phone next to his ear with his eyes firmly shut in a state of profoundly deep meditation, his arms pointed out downward to his sides and his outstretched index and middle fingers pressed firmly against each other as he eagerly (but patiently) awaited Parappa's response.

"Oh boy, what is it THIS time?" Parappa shrugged his shoulders, groaned and sighed exhaustedly while Chop Chop repeatedly (and annoyingly) chanted OMM to himself over the phone.

"As you perhaps already know by this point in time, your lambent big sis and her feline girlfriend went on a rather overzealous bonding journey all over town with each other and drank only-the-divine-beings-themselves-know-how-much alcohol, to the point where they both literally fell unconscious in defeat before they were ever even able to strip each other's clothes off; therefore, they are now defenselessly sprawled out on the floor." Chop Chop reluctantly explained as Parappa twitched and squirmed with excitement, panting and drooling like...well, a dog...and also developing a rather noticeably large protrusion in the crotch area of his saggy blue pajama jeans; a protrusion that his right hand found itself immediately, almost involuntarily gravitating itself directly to and digging its way into his underwear as his entire face suddenly broke out into only the most utterly malicious, downright despicable and absolutely grinchy of evil, evil grins from the mere thought of the types of vile, sickening and downright nasty things that Chop Chop quite-a-bit-more-than-subtly seemed to be implying that His Ruffness would be able to do with the poor girls' bodies while they were busy being all comatose and adorably helpless and whatnot.

"Parappa, I've been telepathically reading your mind for quite some time now, and let me tell you something right here, right now; your mind is an appalling dump heap overflowing with only the most disgraceful assortment of deplorable fetish fantasies imaginable, mangled-up in TANGLED-UP KNOTS!" Chop Chop suddenly gritted his teeth in frustration, opened his eyes super-duper-wide with an anime-esque flash of light and yelled furiously at Parappa at the tops of his ever-loving lungs through the phone, causing Parappa to dizzily stumble sideways in confusion before finally shaking his head back into focus and retorting offendedly at him.

"Oh come on, it so totally is NOT; I mean, come on man, haven't you ever seen my-" Parappa stammered frantically, struggling desperately to come up with a properly suitable comeback while Chop Chop (despite being an onion himself) ironically began roasting his almost-painfully-stereotypically white and 16-year-old rapping apprentice even harder.

"SILENCE! Need I remind you, dear friend, of that one time when I sat you down in my judgment chair, took some good long looks into your mind with my telepathic powers and found not one, not two, but rather SEVERAL images of you VERY tightly ball-gagging poor, poor Lammy, chaining her limbs to the floor and ceiling, pouring huge buckets of melted ice cream all over her and then licking it right off of her naked body as if it was some sort of demonic sex ritual?! For shame, you revolting little skank, for absolute SHAME! Why, hell, I would even go as far as to say that they oughta call you Parappa the RAPIST, for crying out loud!" Chop Chop ranted angrily at Parappa, causing the poor kid's increasingly diamond-hard erection to stick all the way up out of his pajama pants in response while his tail began fervently wagging with delight.

"Jeeze Lawheeze, man, STOP it! You're giving me a freaking RAGING stiffie just from IMAGINING all of the crazy-ass things that you're making me think of doing right now!" Parappa whispered nervously through the phone, glancing frantically to the left and right of himself before finally plopping himself down face-up onto Lammy's perfume-scented bed and moaning gently with relief.

"Exactly! And THAT'S why I'm going to be very shortly summoning my bodyguards to go over there and make sure you don't try to...ahem...SPIRITUALLY INTEGRATE YOURSELF WITH their comatose bodies!" Chop Chop boasted self-righteously with great pride and confidence, boiling with pent-up infuriation at the mere disgusting thought of what Parappa was more-than-likely planning to do with Lammy and Katy if and when he reached the concert hall.

Little did he know, however, that the reality of what Parappa was TRULY planning to do with his new soon-to-be sex dolls was actually, believe it or not, somehow even WORSE than he ever could have imagined!

"Oh, TRUST me, I would absolutely NEVER do ANYTHING of the sort! Uh...b-BYE now, heh heh!" Parappa stammered and chuckled nervously, glancing back and forth in a fit of extreme paranoia as he tried as hard as he possibly could to not sound insultingly sarcastic (and, of course, naturally failed miserably) before finally hanging up, slamming the cell phone shut with extreme prejudice and setting it down on the bedside table while Chop Chop merely shook his fist at him with intensely stinking and pungent feelings of anger, loathing and disgust.

"Hmph! I'll show HIM!" Chop Chop laughed arrogantly like the arrogant kung-fu man that he was, getting back down onto his feet, carefully stepping out of his obligatory ritual ring of candles and dialing up Prince Fleaswallow's number (followed by Paul Chuck's, of course) while Parappa went over to Lammy's dresser and changed himself right back into his iconic (and admittedly cloyingly cheesy and stereotypical, just like how his overall rapping style in general pretty much was) signature outfit of orange winter hat with big-ass frog emblem, light blue tank-top, blue jeans baggier than most actual bags themselves, and big red clown sneakers.

(NOTE: Parappa had exactly fifteen minutes' worth of time before Chop Chop's cronies were scheduled to arrive at the future crime scene in the Milkcan concert auditorium. Oh, and just in case you're wondering, Parappa wasn't on crack and LSD mixed together like Lammy seemingly was throughout most of the events of Um Jammer Lammy; he actually DID have only fifteen minutes to get the job this time...and believe me, it was JUST the type of repugnantly nauseating work to make even the leading producers of the Dirty Jobs television series blush.)

"Alright, now where did I leave that shrink ray...oh, wait, HERE IT IS, DURR!" Parappa groaned and facepalmed himself as he briefly searched around the room before finally, disappointedly discovering that Lammy, being scatterbrained and honestly kind of completely batshit-insane as always, had gone and just foolishly left the shrink ray that her Undertale counterpart, Alphys, had specifically designed and invented just for her...well, basically just sitting RIGHT THERE on top of her dresser, shortly after the events depicted in Um Jammer Alphys.

(NOTE: The Undertale characters have now finally returned to their home universe, thankfully.)

"Hmm? What's that you say, audience? Ooh, THE ABSOLUTE MOST REVOLTING AND DISGUSTING THING THAT I'M EVER GOING TO PERSONALLY FIND MYSELF DOING IN MY ENTIRE LIFE, you say? WELL, then...don't mind if I fricking DO, if I do say so myself!" Parappa laughed derangedly as he snatched the shrink ray right off the dresser-top, stuffed it into his pocket, then began frantically, cartoonishly rummaging through Lammy's bedroom closet (which was rather unsettlingly and notoriously loaded to the brim with hallucinogenic drugs and sex toys) until he finally found her emergency tranquilizer gun and stuffed it into his other pocket.

"Alright, nearly every single sick and disgusting fetish I can possibly think of; HERE I CUM!" Parappa continued laughing maniacally, grinning from ear to floppy ear as he hastily bolted straight out the door, running straight down the staircase and sprinting right out the front door of the apartment building's lobby room as fast as his legs were able to carry him.

## ONE QUICK TWO-MINUTE TAXI RIDE LATER...

"Yo, thanks for the ride, Fleaswallow!" Parappa happily hopped, skipped and waved goodbye to the taxi driver (who then promptly waved back with an incredibly smarmy and drug-induced smile in response) as he jumped out of the taxi, immediately bolted straight up the entrance staircase, pulled out a lockpick from his pockets, picked the front door right open and walked inside while Fleaswallow not-so-mysteriously drove and parked his taxi (of which the other passenger just so happened to be Paul Chuck, predictably enough) into a back alley right next to the concert hall.

"Hey Einstein, how come we didn't just flat-out ARREST that creepy little joker right then and there, hmm? Don't you know how to freaking tell someone who DOESN'T have good intentions from someone who DOES just by simply taking a nice little second to...oh, I dunno, freaking LOOK at them?!" Paul Chuck threw his arms up in the air and began ranting exasperatedly, actually making a really good point.

"Oh, for the love of freaking Kwanzaa and marijuana, man, how many goddamned times do I have to freaking TELL you this shit?! FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAN, WE DON'T EVEN FREAKING KNOW WHAT TYPE OF SHIT HE'S GOING TO PULL NEXT! And BESIDES, it's not even how the damned Supreme Court justice system WORKS! You can't just fucking go around BLINDLY FUCKING ASSUMING EVERYONE YOU MEET OF BEING MURDEROUS STONERS AND SERIAL KILLERS! Especially when you freaking act like one YOURSELF, ya big crazy doofus!" Fleaswallow explained angrily and impatiently to Paul, tapping his sexy sandal-clad feet to his own spiritual beat while Paul angrily revved up his chainsaw and threatened to bloodily cut down the entire humanoid population of the general vicinity with it.

"But I thought you said we didn't have TIME for jokers!" Paul stuffed his chainsaw back into his pocket and frustratedly pointed out as the two of them opened up their corresponding doors (driver's-seat door for Fleaswallow, right passenger-seat door for Paul, walked out into the back alley and indignantly slammed them shut.

"Well, needless to say, we really DON'T at the moment, at least as far as my lazy opiate-ridden ass can tell; however, what we DO have time for is some good old-fashioned INCEST PORN! You know what I'm SAYING, man?" Fleaswallow began laughing uproariously, patting Paul on the back triumphantly as the two of them eagerly walked their way around the concert-hall building to the front door together, internally screaming at themselves all the way.

Meanwhile in the Milkcan concert auditorium, Parappa was busy smarmily tiptoeing his way up onto the stage, where Lammy's and Katy's deeply unconscious, surprisingly fully clothed bodies were both sprawled out on the floor together, ripe for the raping...err, I mean, tender affection and mutual loving. (Oh, who in the hell am I kidding? If you've ever read the Undertale Giantess series, then you basically already know EXACTLY what's about to start happening, don't you? Come on, don't lie; you know it to be true.)

"Okay, so first things first, let's just make sure that Lammy and Katy aren't going to be waking up anytime soon..." Parappa whispered nervously to himself, glancing back and forth fearfully as he sneakily pulled out the tranquilizer gun from his pocket and shot both girls sound asleep with it, removing the darts and disposing of them in a nearby trash can before finally returning back to the stage so that he could...AHM...do his business with their bodies, so to speak.

"Alright, girls; it's about TIME you showed me your true colors, if I do say so myself!" Parappa cackled evilly, rubbing his hands together like a fly as he silently, ominously crept his way toward the girls, with his hands clenched and facing directly toward them in a profoundly rapist-esque fashion as he maliciously wiggled his fingers and began grinning from ear to ear yet again.

"GAH! They're so freaking hot that I can almost feel my FORESKIN burning right off from the mere SIGHT of them!" Parappa panted and drooled and moaned with delight, blushing and sweating intensely and acquiring a massive bump in the crotch area of his pants as he gently pulled off Lammy's and Katy's goofy shirts, comically oversized sneakers, polka-dotted socks, succulent bikinis and splendiferous panties, rendering both of them completely naked.

"Hmm...which one should I do the honors for? Gee, the choice sure is SO incredibly difficult to decide for me!" Parappa laughed sarcastically as he gently rolled Lammy's and Katy's gorgeous naked bodies back and forth on the ground to make extra-sure that they weren't going to wake up...while Chuck and Fleaswallow intently stood just outside the auditorium's front door with a pair of binoculars, peeking in at Parappa's antics and already becoming increasingly aroused by them.

"Wow, do you actually think this kid is seriously willing to stoop himself THIS goddamned low? I mean seriously, this shit right here is just outright PATHETIC!" Chuck laughed uproariously while Fleaswallow pulled one of Alphys' invisible ghost drones (whose camera just so happened to be linked to the auditorium's massive digital display screen, mind you) out of his pocket, shrunk it to microscopic size with a mere snap of his fingers, commanded it to follow Parappa with a mere clap of his hands and deployed it into the room with a devious grin on his face.

"Chuck, man, I'm as high as a fucking horse right now, and even I already know EXACTLY what this self-entitled, Lammy-overshadowing little shit is planning to do right now!" Fleaswallow hissed frustratedly at Chuck while Parappa pulled out the shrink ray from his pocket, laid Lammy face-down on the ground and shrunk himself to ant size, completely forgetting how very little time Chop Chop had given him to get this so-called "business" over with.

"OHH, COME STRAIGHT TO PAPA, YOU DELICIOUS LITTLE TOOTSIE ROLLS!" Parappa laughed overexcitedly as he hyperactively hopped and skipped his way over to the left one of Lammy's wrinkly crinkly pinkly bare soles and began gleefully cleaning them from top to bottom...with his tongue, no less.

"OHH, WHY HAS CHOP CHOP ABANDONED US, LAMMY'S FEET SMELL SO ORGASMICALLY WONDERFUL AND GLORIOUS!" Parappa moaned loudly with arousal as he pressed his nose deeply into Lammy's silky-smooth, wonderfully pungent arch (her feet in general stank like rotten deer carcasses, just so you know) and inhaled so deeply that it caused his brain to shrivel up like a rotten prune as his nose violently sprayed blood all over the place, which he then proceeded to lovingly smear all over her arch before finally licking it right off of said arch.

"Um...excuse me, what in the actualarnation FUCK does that little twerp think he's doing right now? And more importantly, WHO in the hell does the plucky little bastard think he IS?!" Paul growled angrily, gritting his teeth as a stunningly high-quality live close-up feed of Parappa's disgustingly incestual foot-worship antics suddenly appeared on the background display screen.

"Oh believe me, man; what you're seeing right now is undoubtedly just the mere TIP of the LSD iceberg...if you don't want to see the Titanic sink while we're at it, dude, I would VERY strongly advise packing your bags and hauling your ass out of here right now." Fleaswallow warned him, flicking his tongue into the poor badger's ear as a not-so-subtle hint of where Parappa's Asriel-inspired antics were very clearly soon to be...please excuse the incredibly obvious pun...HEADED.

"AHHH...TASTES LIKE MOLDY YELLOW COTTAGE CHEESE ON THE BACK OF A DEAD GOAT'S PENIS...SO UTTERLY DELICIOUS..." Parappa moaned and blushed intensely with delight as he eagerly licked and felt all over the entirety of Lammy's beauteous sole from toes to heel and everything in between.

"I HAVE CRIPPLING DEPRESSION! WHEEEEEEE!" Parappa sang with excitement and giggled like a little kid as he climbed up onto the very tippy-top-bottom of Lammy's heel and slid all the way down her pungently putrid, wetly soaked and lustrously glistening sole from top to bottom, once again using his own saliva as lubricant while Chuck and Fleaswallow merely stood behind the auditorium's entrance door and gawked in utter confusion, with their jaws firmly agape in wonderment.

"And now for the tantalizingly delicious coup-de-grace!" Parappa laughed maniacally as he systematically crawled and squeezed his way into each of the cozy, warm and smelly little gaps in between Lammy's outspread toes and stuffed his face with all of the scrumptiously slimy, sweaty, reeking, lint-dripping toe jam that he could stomach (in other words, every last drop of it).

"Geez, I never thought that this kid could actually make me feel THIS atrociously sick to my goddamned stomach!" Paul gagged, covering his mouth and clutching his rumbling chest.

"Man, you can definitely say that again!" Fleaswallow covered his own mouth and nearly retched, readjusting his campily gangsta-feathered pimp hat and smoothing out his incredibly cheesy Hawaii vacation shirt in disgust while Parappa began worshipping her other sole in the exact same fashion.

ABOUT TWO MINUTES LATER, AFTER PARAPPA HAD GROWN HIMSELF BACK TO NORMAL...

"OHH, Lammy, how I absolutely ADORE you..." Parappa threw his head back and moaned orgasmically, hugging Lammy's adorably unconscious body from the back as his incredibly erect penis filled her vagina with its love while he just drooled arousedly, blushed intensely and smiled awkwardly with shameful embarrassment at what he had just done to his own stepsister.

"Eh, I'm totally used to having those types of relationships with MY family members!" Paul chuckled embarrassedly, causing Fleaswallow to awkwardly cock an eyelid at him in profound confusion and (un)surprise while Parappa gently laid Lammy's body face-up on the floor, shrunk himself back down to ant size again and began clambering his way up onto her lovely bright-red-painted toes (NOTE: Katy's were also painted the exact same color...by Lammy, of course).

"Just look at the adorable little babe, lying here ASLEEP! Already becoming the idol of MILLIONS..." Parappa whispered to himself, drooling rabidly at the mouth as he climbed his way up the tops of her feet and then proceeded to frantically scamper his way up her beautifully long and slender legs like the dirty little rat that he was very clearly being at the moment.

"She's a WUSS! Shy, silly little wuss..." Parappa began dementedly monologuing to himself as he scooped the hairy, slimy, unwashed lint out of Lammy's bellybutton with a great big tentacle-spoon that had apparently somehow managed to fit into just one of his pants pockets (along with god-knows-how-much other stuff) and ate it, licking his lips and rubbing his belly with satisfaction.

"How easily I could stroke my cock...with THESE hands...THESE...NASTY...HANDS!" Parappa laughed disgustedly to himself as he carefully poised himself atop the very edgemost portion of Lammy's pelvis and used that exact same tentacle-spoon to fish out all of the oozing, dripping, tantalizingly creamy and gooey excess ejaculatory fluid from the dank, cavernous depths of her stinky unwashed cloaca, licking his lips and slurping it down with pure joy.

"They think she's a god...BUT SHE'S AS MORTAL AS WE..." Parappa began traditionally monologuing in the creepiest and melodramatic fashion possible as he climbed his way back down onto the tops of Lammy's feet, poured a bottle of paint thinner all over his tongue and began lovingly licking the pulsating bright-red paint right off of her pretty little toenails.



"JUST...ONE...QUICK...SLIP...into her precious little ear canal while she isn't looking...and it's over...JUST...ONE..." Parappa began laughing and crying hysterically as he frantically, desperately scrambled his way straight up Lammy's torso until he finally reached her lovely, bulbous little breasts.

"I can almost feel myself mentally deteriorating from the inside out, and it is a feeling that is simply nothing short of MARVELOUS!" Parappa moaned with pleasure as he scurried and clambered his way up onto the very tip-top of Lammy's boob and began passionately, lovingly and adorably meekly sucking on her lovely, rosy-pink nipple with his fluffy little puppy lips until her warm and succulent lamb milk finally came squirting right out of it and into his ravenous, eagerly awaiting mouth!

"AHHH...the refreshing taste of victory be SUGARY-sweet today!" Parappa moaned with pleasure, licking his breastmilk-dripping lips with delight as he moved on to Lammy's other boob and repeated the exact same process once more, then wormed his way in-between her wonderfully fluffy little lamb titties and took a brief two-minute nap in her oh-so-warm-and-cozy cleavage.

APPROXIMATELY TWO MINUTES LATER...

"You know, as much as this goddamned kid clearly has absolutely NO freaking sense of time whatsoever, I gotta say...I have the weirdest of boners right now..." Paul whispered nervously into Fleaswallow's ear, blushing and covering up his crotch embarrassedly with his hands while Fleaswallow briefly removed one of his sandals and slyly, teasingly wiggled his sexy Jamaican toes at him while Parappa suddenly woke up and began climbing his way up onto Lammy's face.

"Alright, almost there...just gotta get past her mouth, nose and eyes and then the ears will be next..." Parappa cackled and grinned maliciously, rubbing his hands together like the dirty little fly he was as he slyly tiptoed right over Lammy's hot-pink lips and pulled out his tentacle-spoon yet again as he reached her beady little nose and immediately began staring intently into it!

"OH YEAH, I'VE HIT A GOLD MINE ALL RIGHT..." Parappa moaned and drooled derangedly as he stood atop Lammy's nose and stuck his spoon deep into her nostrils, fishing out several of her dirty, slimy and nastily discolored boogers, lovingly eating them and loudly slurping the gooey liquid snot residue right out of the spoon itself as he continued digging his way in even deeper...when suddenly, for reasons that it took him all of about literally five seconds to figure out, he was electrocuted into a cartoonish living crisp, presumably as karma for being such an utterly despicable and repugnant little shit.

"Wow, that tranquilizer REALLY worked wonders on the poor thing, didn't it?" Parappa shrugged and sighed with an ever-so-slight tinge of regret, realizing that even literally poking her right in what was presumably the frontal lobe of her brain with a blunt metal object somehow STILL hadn't been enough to wake poor Lammy up as he violently shook the ashes and soot right off of himself just like how any normal real-life dog would, prompting Lammy to then immediately, involuntarily inhale it right into her poor little nose while Parappa eagerly shoved his tentacle-spoon right back into his pocket and readied himself to jump right into her left nostril right as she was just about ready to blow (and by blow, I mean sneeze, of course)!

"AAH...AAAAH...AAAAAAH..." Lammy began cringing and shaking in her sleep; right after the third AAH, Parappa valiantly shouted GERONIMO and did a cannonball dive right into her nose!

"AAAAH-CHOOOOOOO!" Lammy sneezed violently in her sleep, effectively blowing Parappa (who was now covered from head to toe with gooey, sticky, disgustingly dripping mucus) right out of her nose and onto her chest as he promptly began cleaning himself...with his tongue.

"Mucus here, mucus there, mucus in my HAIR!" Parappa sang happily as he fervently picked and licked what to him must've been at least half a solid gallon's worth of snot off of his surprisingly (and rather unfortunately) still fully-clothed body, scooped it right up into his dirty, nasty and grimy little hands, and unhesitatingly engorged himself on it like a fat kid engorges himself on chocolate, licking the snot off of his lips and patting his belly in just such a way that it caused the raw semi-liquid essence of Lammy's putrid, slimy and oh-so-wonderfully-viscous mucus to smear all over his signature shirt in such an incredibly distasteful and just-plain-sickeningly-gross fashion that even Filthy Frank himself would quite frankly be almost-unspeakably disgusted by it. And believe me, things are only going to get nastier from here...

## Chapter 2

### GIANTESS LAMMY X PARAPPA: PART 2

"Alright, who am I kidding? Looks like it's about time for the real fun to finally begin, judging by the fact that those stupid bodyguards Chop Chop sent after me have evidently already been waiting at least something like TEN FREAKING MINUTES for me by now!" Parappa sighed nervously as a result of suddenly noticing himself being broadcast onto the auditorium's ginormous digital display screen, blushing embarrassedly and ever-so-slightly dying inside as he hopped right back up onto Lammy's adorably pretty little face, tickled her incredibly long eyelashes to once AGAIN make sure that she wouldn't wake up, and then finally made his way over to her gorgeously combed and styled red hair, which of course was like a forest to him.

"Hmm...well, I must say, this looks like yet another job for personal utilities! LEAVE IT TO...SUCTION CUPPPS!" Parappa chuckled excitedly to himself as he pulled out a pair of suction-cup attachments for his sneakers and attached them right on, blissfully unaware that the tranquilizer that he had shot both Lammy and Katy with just a few measly little minutes ago was literally RIGHT about to wear off on him.

"Wow, Lammy's hair really IS incredibly mesmerizing...and also incredibly freaking FILTHY! Seriously, when in the actual hell was the last time she actually WASHED this shit?!" Parappa winced and regretfully shook his head in disgust (despite the fact that he had just recently purposefully coated himself from top-to-bottom in someone else's nose-mucus and then gluttonously gobbled it right off of himself, while gratuitously smearing it all over his clothes all the while) as he reluctantly, stickily trudged his way through Lammy's shockingly flaky, oily and dandruff-ridden jungle of hair until he finally reached her left ear, taking a nice, long and deep breath and gulping nervously as he eagerly, anxiously readied himself to do the unthinkable...and also the inevitable, now that I THINK about it! (Readers, I have a very important and urgent request for you right about now; please, PLEASE kill me before this gets any more creepy and disturbing...)

"Well, HEAR goes nothing..." Parappa shrugged and sighed, trying not to think too hard about the painfully obvious implications of what he was currently doing at the moment as he loudly, resounding swallowed what very little pride he already had left, shivering in both fear and immense self-disgust as he reluctantly walked onto the external flap of the adorably unaware Lammy's left ear and briefly admiring her cute little earrings before finally crawling straight inside.

"Alright, baby steps, baby steps, baby st- WAAUGGGH!" Parappa screamed in terror as he (yes, even with the power of suction cups at his disposal) accidentally, violently slipped on one of numerous great big patches of dirty, sticky, hairy earwax dotting the internal surface of Lammy's ear canal, sending him tumbling all the way down said ear canal (getting almost completely covered from head to toe in her earwax along the way, naturally) and finally crashing right into her incredibly sensitive (and also disgustingly slimy and earwax-covered) eardrum!

"Hmm?" Lammy suddenly grunted in her rapidly-weakening sleep, turning straight over onto her right side and causing Parappa to fall right onto her eardrum, causing her sleep to weaken even further while Parappa, being the sick and nasty little fuck that he apparently was, reached into his pockets and pulled out a nice big jar of weapons-grade laxatives for his violently, painfully rumbling and gurgling stomach!

"Well, I never thought I'd end up saying this in THIS sort of utterly revolting context, but...WHEN NATURE FREAKING CALLS, am I right?!" Parappa whispered and chuckled to himself with a

truly, quite literally shit-eating grin on his face, picking and eating several gross little globs of earwax right off of himself as he ecstatically took a nice big handful of laxative pills from the jar, crammed them right down his throat with the help of the remaining half of a certain water bottle that he had evidently been keeping in his pocket for quite some time, and then proceeded to pull his pants and underwear right down and take a nice big heaping diarrhea shit all over Lammy's precious little eardrum, causing it to mix with the earwax that was already covering said eardrum in only the most absolutely lovely and totally pleasing-to-the-eyes of fashions.

"OH MY GOD, YOU WERE RIGHT, PAUL, I THINK I'M LITERALLY GOING TO BE FUCKING SICK!" Fleaswallow screamed in absolute horror, with him and Paul just absentmindedly standing behind the auditorium entrance door with their jaws firmly agape and their eyes opened almost incomparably widely as Parappa began fervently, hyperactively licking and eating (and forcefully smearing) his own waxy, dirty shit right off of (and also all over) Lammy's poor, poor little eardrum while panting and moaning orgasmically in the process, making the audience nearly throw up and also causing Lammy herself to actually fully wake up for real this time!

"WHAT THE- W-WHO SAID THAT?! WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON RIGHT NOW?!" Lammy woke up in a fit of panic, pulling out her cell phone and sitting straight up with a start...and causing Parappa to fall right back down onto the floor of her ear canal while the leftover diarrhea that he just left all over her eardrum began oozing and dripping disgustingly down the surface of said (otherwise) beautifully pearly and shiny tympanic membrane while she was busy frantically speed-dialing Parappa's number, hoping that perhaps he would know something about her current situation. (She really didn't know why she was now trusting Parappa of all people all of a sudden, but somehow, her maternal instincts just naturally told her that he was the one to trust.)

"Oh hey there, Lammy, how's it going? Just wanted you to know that I'm currently busy MAKING MY WAY INTO YOUR BRAIN AS WE SPEAK! After all, that IS what truly loving, caring and supporting friends like ME are for, am I right?" Parappa crossed his legs and smarmily teased Lammy over the phone while using his weapons-grade laser pointer to slowly but surely (and excruciatingly painfully) carve an almost-perfectly round hole right through her eardrum.

"OH GOD, I ONLY HAVE ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS AT MOST TO FIND MY FUCKING TWEEZERS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!" Lammy screamed and cried, doubling over onto her knees, clutching her left ear and shrieking in pain as she immediately began frantically, desperately rummaging through her pockets in a rather profoundly pathetic (but still admirable) attempt to save herself from certain doom, pulling out dildos, ball gags, bondage chains, magic rope, LSD, cocaine and various other types of sex toys while her girlfriend Katy woke up, crossed her arms over her chest, cocked an eyebrow and glared disgustedly at her in response.

"NOTHING TO SEE HERE, MOVE ALONG, MOVE ALONG!" Lammy stammered and blushed embarrassedly with adorably watering eyes, whistling innocently and trying her hardest not to double over and scream in pain yet again as she briefly pulled a magic broom out of her pocket and swept all of her sex toys right off the stage and into the front-row within a time span of about five seconds...which, of course, still wasn't fast enough, as Parappa was already nearly done!

"OH, DEAR GOD, HELP ME, PLEASE, I LEFT MY TWEEZERS AT HO-HO-HO-HOOOME!" Lammy buried her head in her hands and screamed and cried hopelessly, clutching her hair and trying desperately not to yank it right out in frustration while Parappa began counting down her last ten remaining seconds of sanity...well, if you could even call Lammy remotely sane in the first place after playing her game, that is.

"TEN...NINE...EIGHT...SEVEN...SIX...FIVE...FOUR...THREE...TWO...ONE..." Parappa began

ominously counting down, causing Lammy's knees to quiver and buckle in raw fear and helplessness while the rest of her body basically did the same; meanwhile, just behind the auditorium's main entrance door, there Paul and Fleaswallow were, their penises suddenly becoming overwhelmingly erect as they began maliciously grinning from ear to ear.

"ZERO! AH HAH HAH HAH HAH HAH! YAHHHAAAAHAHAHAHAHAAA!" Parappa rolled on the floor of Lammy's ear canal laughing his ever-loving, lop-eared, adorably short and fluffy, earwax-coated puppy ass off, almost-regretfully wiping the tears from his eyes as he sprung right back up onto his feet, jump-kicked his newly-carved hole right through the poor girl's eardrum and then stylishly dived right into her inner ear as if it were a water slide!

"WHOOOA, EVERYBODY, LIKE, SERIOUSLY, RUN FOR YOUR LIVES AND STUFF!" Lammy dizzily stumbled back and forth and drunkenly slurred in a miserably failed attempt to warn everyone as Parappa went right through her vestibular canals and wound up right in the very center of her poor little head, where her extremely fragile and defenseless brain was housed!

"Wow, this is an incredibly nice, soft and delicate little BRAIN you've got in here! It sure would be an awful crying shame if anything were to HAPPEN to it, am I right?" Parappa pulled out his phone and snickered just as snarkily as ever in response to yet another sudden phone call from Lammy as he underagedly stripped every last bit of his clothing off (yes, THIS was STILL being broadcast on the automatically-footage-recording drone's live feed on the auditorium's gigantic display screen, just to make DOUBLY sure that Parappa immediately got arrested as soon as this whole utterly ridiculous fetishistic escapade was finally over) and began eagerly approaching her literally steaming-hot, vigorously pulsating brain...much to Lammy's imminent revolted horror as she turned around and saw him doing so on the big screen!

"Well, I suppose this is what I get for calling him an arrogant KNOW-IT-ALL nearly every single day..." Lammy disgustedly covered her mouth with her hands and thought to herself, causing Parappa to laugh uproariously as he nakedly leapt onto her already-intimidatingly-towering brain stem and eagerly began scaling its fleshy, veiny, firmly erected surface, using the biomagnetic electrical current given off by her central nervous system (combined with the way that his warm and fuzzy fur statically conducted said current, of course) to stick to her brain like Spider-Man!

"MAN, this is satisfying! I'm FINALLY getting back at the little bitch for calling me a stupid little know-it-all attention whore! Honestly, if it didn't make me feel so utterly sick to my stomach, I'd probably say that this is just about the greatest form of payback EVER!" Parappa thought to himself (with the drone even going as far as to read his internal thoughts) as he frantically crawled about and scurried all over the admittedly deliciously spongy and wrinkly external surface of Lammy's brain, biting it and licking it and massaging it and fucking it and sucking it ALL over from top to bottom while the poor girl pulled out a barf bag from her pocket and violently threw up into it, wiping her mouth exhaustedly, blushing intensely and twitching her eyelids in a highly unpleasant mixture of confusion, (possibly public) humiliation and profound disgust.

"And now for the official SECOND-greatest moment of my entire life! Ladies and gentlemen, are you ready? Because Lammy's brain, here I CUM!" Parappa laughed arrogantly as he clambered and scrambled his way up onto the very tip-top of Lammy's brain, right at the conveniently centered little gap in-between its left and right hemispheres, admiring the lovely view of her interior skull, nostrils, horn roots and eyeballs as he teasingly wiggled his pudgy, fluffy little toes (and shook his plump, juicy little butt) at the audience before finally delivering the coup-de-grace...which was literally only the BEGINNING of what was immediately to come, MIND you!

"OH, how I yearn for bleach's sweet embrace..." Lammy sighed, sitting criss-crossed on the floor and resting her cheeks on her hands depressedly as Parappa began rigorously, forcefully thrusting

his pulsating, throbbing erection into her equally pulsating and throbbing brain tissue.

"BRAIN BLAAAAAST!" Parappa shrieked orgasmically and briefly flailed his arms and legs straight up into the air as his penis blew at least half a cup's worth of load into his (supposedly) dearly beloved stepsister's central nervous system, violently electrocuting him and frying him into a cute little crisp as he just speechlessly laid there face-down atop Lammy's brain and blinked his eyes to make sure that he actually was still alive, with his jaw firmly agape and his arms and legs sprawled out absentmindedly beside him (as if he was a real-life, four-legged, non-anthropomorphic dog that had just been run over by an automotive) in absolute disbelief.

"Goddamnit, I KNEW he was a fucking zombie all along!" Paul roared angrily, pulling out his chainsaw, revving it right up and maniacally charging out onto the stage...with Fleaswallow luckily stopping him just in time before he could put graphically and violently put Lammy out of her misery!

"Paul, for the love of God, dude, have you SERIOUSLY already forgotten what we really CAME here for?" Fleaswallow hissed angrily at Paul, grabbing him by the shoulders while Paul regretfully shrugged said shoulders and reluctantly shut his chainsaw off in response.

"Um...if I'm not mistaken, you two were SUPPOSED to make sure that...whatever in the unholy name of Lucifer I just saw...WASN'T going to happen, CORRECT?!" Katy slyly, sexily slunk her way over to the two of them and hissed angrily at them, placing her hands on her finely-toned hips and glaring sternly at them as her tail wagged, waved and curled all about seductively in response; meanwhile, Lammy was curled up in a helpless, weeping, head-clutching, violently-shaking-in-helpless-terror, arms-wrapped-tightly-around-knees, eyes-wide-open little ball on the floor while Parappa began searching intently for the secret entrance to her poor, poor brain.

"W-Well, you see, the t-thing is...t-that's what our master, like, T-TOLD us to do, y-yes, b-but our actual intentions w-were m-more like the exact o-opposite, you s-see...heh heh...heh..." Fleaswallow stammered nervously, blushing and sweating intensely and biting his lip and glancing all about and twiddling his fingers together as he reluctantly explained himself.

"Oh, that's just fucking fantastic, now we're ALL completely fucked to hell and back! LITERALLY fucked, in fact, judging from the rate that this has already currently been going...AAAAAAH!" Katy rolled her eyes, scowled and sneered bitterly at Lammy's so-called bodyguards-for-hire...then suddenly screamed like a little girl as she looked down at herself and saw that she herself actually WAS, in fact, completely and utterly buck-naked from head to toe!

"Eenie-meenie-minie-moe; Lammy can suck a lumberjack's CHODE!" Parappa laughed sadistically as he finally found the secret door on the bottom-left corner of the very top of Lammy's brain, swung it right open and hopped right in without a care in the world!

"PLEASE, I'LL DO ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING FOR YOU TO PLEASE JUST CUT MY STUPID LITTLE HEAD RIGHT OPEN AND KILL ME RIGHT ON THE SPOT BEFORE THIS GETS ANY WORSE! PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, I'M FREAKING BEGGING YOU!" Lammy screamed and wailed in a fit of panicked desperation, springing right up onto her feet, lunging frantically at Paul and clinging submissively to his left ankle while he and Fleaswallow both snickered evilly to themselves and began removing their shirts suggestively, revealing their firmly-toned, handsomely muscular chests as well as their beautifully firm, plump and masculine nipples.

"ANYTHING, you say?" Paul and Fleaswallow asked her teasingly, causing her to nervously let go of the former's ankle and meekly squat down onto her hands and knees in a sudden feeling of unrelentingly extreme deja-vu from nearly every single visit that she had previously made to the

former's guitar store (which was luckily only one, thank god) as the underground-rapist duo began pulling their pants and underwear down and throwing THEM right off as well, revealing their sexy muscular legs, firmly-toned ass and intensely erect, veiny and glistening penises.

"MMM-HMM?" Lammy embarrassedly replied, blushing intensely and nodding her head with only the most adorably sad and helpless of sparkles in her eyes in an attempt to garner sympathy from Paul and Fleaswallow...but alas, the only thing SHE was able to garner out of those two in a situation as wonderfully opportunistic as THIS one was a hysterical fit of rolling-on-the-floor laughter while Parappa made his way deeper and deeper into the internal nerve structures of her brain, to the point where she could actually rather acutely FEEL him in there.

"You said (heh, heh) ANYTHING, (hee hee) didn't cha?" Paul and Fleaswallow wiped the laughter-induced tears from their eyes, got back up onto their feet and chuckled maliciously, biting their lips and trying hard not to laugh at poor Lammy's expense as they promptly yanked their footwear right off, rendering them both completely naked from head to toe and filling the air with the disgusting, reeking stench of both of their putrid, unwashed pairs of feet combined as Fleaswallow removed his hat, struck a handsome, cross-legged and crotch-covering bow with it, then smugly tossed it right across the seating area while Lammy and Katy cowered against one of the stage's side walls, squinted their helplessly crying eyes as tightly shut as they could feasibly manage, and lovingly, nervously huddled up against each other in terror.

"Lammy, if I don't make it through this alive, please tell my mother I love you!" Katy desperately begged Lammy with sorrowful tears leaking from her eyes as she regretfully smooched Lammy right on the cheek, causing her to blush shamefully while Parappa finally finished hacking his way into the main-control supercomputer of her central nervous system (lodged deeply into the internal front wall of her frontal lobe, of course) and took (almost) total control over her body!

"YOUR MOTHER SUCKS COCKS IN HELL!" Lammy suddenly yelled and laughed spitefully at Katy, causing Katy to furiously slap her right across her now-swirly-eyed face in response.

"NO! KATY, PLEASE UNDERSTAND! HE'S TAKEN CONTROL OVER MY CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM! I'M LITERALLY NO LONGER IN CONTROL OF MY OWN FREAKING ACTIONS RIGHT NOW! SERIOUSLY, YOU HAVE TO FREAKING HELP ME RIGHT NOW!" Lammy grabbed (and violently shook) Katy by the shoulders, kneeling down and lovingly burying her gently weeping face into Katy's boobs while Fleaswallow and Paul drew ever nearer, their dicks gradually lengthening and stiffening more and more with each and every footstep they took.

"ME? But what in the hell am I supposed to do that doesn't involve brain surgery and/or shrinking myself, neither of which I even have ACCESS to right now for fuck's sake?!" Katy yelled back at Lammy, lovingly stroking her hair while Parappa suddenly retook control over her body and turned her L/R (Lammy/Rammy) personality switch all the way over to the R end!

"EXACTLY! NOTHING, YOU LITTLE BITCH! NOW COME ON, LET'S JUST SUCK THESE FAGGOTS' DICKS AND GET THIS SHIT OVER WITH ALREADY, SHALL WE?!" Lammy began laughing and sobbing dementedly as she excitedly lunged onto Paul and began passionately, dirtily, exceptionally kinkily making out with him while Katy reluctantly did the same to Fleaswallow.

"Oh geez, it really HAS been one of those days, hasn't it?" Paul, Fleaswallow and Parappa all exhaustedly scratched their heads and thought to themselves, already beginning to wonder exactly WHAT in the fuck was currently happening.

## Chapter 3

### GIANTESS LAMMY X PARAPPA: PART 3

"Hmm, I sure do wonder what THIS button does?" Parappa smirked maliciously and sarcastically thought to himself as he smugly flicked his left hand over to the CONTEXT-SENSITIVE CATCHPHRASE button on Lammy's control panel and pressed it with his middled finger while Lammy was busy fervently, lovingly sucking on Paul's muscular, juicy man-tits right on the stage of the main auditorium of a very well-known public concert building...with the former drunkenly, nakedly sprawled out atop the latter's equally drunken and naked body, of course. (Meanwhile, Katy was also doing the exact same thing to Fleaswallow, FYI.)

"Well, I suppose it's all well and good that you're pleasuring my glorious supple mounds right now, but I simply cannot help but imagine how incredibly NICE and convenient it would be if you had yourself a payniss...wait, what are you doing?!" Paul blushingly moaned in pleased embarrassment as Lammy teasingly bit his soft, plump, rosy-pink nipples with her teeth...then suddenly, entirely without warning, jumped down into the front-row seating area to go and grab herself a strap-on...which, by the way, was something that Katy was already wearing, as you could very clearly see from the way that the currently submissively-bent-over-on-his-hands-and-knees Fleaswallow was ecstatically moaning and yelling "OH YEAH, COME ON MAN, DEAR LORD THAT FEELS SO ORGASMICALLY GOOD" and various related phrases in pleasure as the cat lady rammed her impressively long and erect yet incredibly rubbery and floppy fake penis into the tightly clenched depths of his asshole while he violently, ass-tearingly pooped and farted all over it with glee, with Katy lovingly and cattishly allowing him to slavishly lick up the disgusting blood-cum-and-shit mixture that was now being splattered and smeared all over her dildo all the while.

"DOJO! CASINO! IT IS ALL IN THE MIND!" Parappa chanted melodramatically into Lammy's subconscious through her voice-recording microphone while the poor already-batshit-insane nervous wreck of a girl got down on all fours and began frantically digging through a multitude of strap-ons before finally locating the distinctly guitar-shaped one that she wanted.

"Yeah, THAT'S right; my guitar's in my MINNND!" Lammy laughed psychotically as she eagerly, already-rather-overexcitedly fastened her strap-on right on, causing her clinically-insane mind to somehow perceptionally transform it into a literal guitar as she hopped right back up onto the stage and (much to her immense sadistic delight) found Paul eagerly squatted down on his hands and knees with brightly blushing ass cheeks and an even more brightly blushing face!

"Um...I beg your pardon, young lass, but I thought this was supposed to be about making me orgasm like a rented mule, if I'm not mistaken..." Paul humiliatedly, nervously reminded her.

"Oh...well, in that case, LEAVE IT TO...LAMMMYYYYYYY!" Lammy yelled obnoxiously high-pitchedly and amazingly effeminately at the tops of her ever-loving lungs, performing a massive joyful backflip into the air and posing dramatically (and by dramatically, I mean masturbatorially) as she eagerly readied herself to violently drill Paul's asshole a new one!

"OHH, sweet face-fucking Lucifer, I ain't been drilled this hard since the last time I went to Vietnam...and yes, I DO, in fact, mean that both ways!" Paul moaned and cried with pleasure as Lammy excitedly positioned herself right in-between his deliciously plump and juicy butt cheeks (squeezing and massaging them with her lovely little hands just to provide added erotic pleasure) and ramming her massive strap-on so deeply and so flesh-tearing forcefully into his arse that for once in about the past week or so of his sad and miserable joke of an existence, it actually caused him to loudly scream and cry like a demonically tortured little baby...and he loved it.



"Oh, and by the way, BIG BOY...did I forget to mention that these babies also have SYNTHETIC EJACULATION FEATURES?" Lammy teasingly reminded Paul with her eyes erotically half-shut as she continued thrusting her fake-but-incredibly-massive schlong into his asshole.

"Uh...what does THAT me- OHHHHHH, YEAHHH, that REALLY hits my G-spot if I do say so myself!" Paul moaned orgasmically with delight as Lammy shredded a lovely power-metal solo into his lower intestine with her phallic guitar, then immediately pulled it out to show him.

"GET TO FUCKING WORK, DOUCHENOZZLE! ALSO, NEED I MENTION, THIS SHIT RIGHT HERE IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU FUCKING GET FOR TRYING TO VIOLENTLY RAPE ME IN A PUBLIC STORE, JUST SO YOU KNOW!" Lammy dominantly laughed, pulling a spare whip out of her pocket and abusively whipping Paul (who, of course, was still on his hands and knees) with it while the poor bastard began lovingly, humiliatedly sucking her moist, slimy, dripping, twelve-inch-long, completely-soaked-in-pure-concentrated-love-juice-from-top-to-bottom dildo.

"AHH...what's next, master?" Paul finally retracted his still-passionately-drooling-and-cum-dripping mouth from Lammy's delicious rubber schlong and began panting like a desperately starving dog (and even squatting down on all fours like one) while Lammy began pointing suggestively at her tits, fluttering her gorgeous eyelashes and erotically raising her eyebrows at him in response.

"FOR FUCK'S SAKE, FIGURE IT OUT ON YOUR OWN, DOOFUS!" Lammy laughed uproariously as she grabbed Paul's head and forcefully jammed his brightly blushing face right into her boob area, in which he immediately began sucking her lovely, lovely nipples like a baby sucks on a milk bottle.

"AHH...OHH YEAH, COME ON, KEEP ON SERVICING YOUR MOMMY LIKE YOU MEAN IT!" Lammy threw her head back and screamed loudly with delight as her tits squirted literally a full metric cup's worth of white, creamy goodness into Paul's ravenous, yellow-toothed mouth.

"Well? Are you feeling the agony of de-FEET yet? HMM?" Lammy slyly teased Paul as she outstretched her legs directly into his face and wiggled her pretty little toes at him every bit as teasingly as could be as his penis began hardening even more noticeably in response (to the point where it was actually physically hurting him to the point of jerking several MORE tears from his eyes) as he began lovingly servicing (in other words, salivating all over) Lammy's lovely, dextrous little feet, licking her soles like a dog and sucking her toes like a hamster.

"Yeah, come on, grab that dick and start jerking it like you MEAN it!" Lammy laughed spitefully and crossed her legs, slathering scrumptiously vanilla-ice-cream-flavored lotion all over her beautiful, ladylike, sweaty and OHH-so-wonderfully stinky feet and making a painfully obvious masturbation gesture with her tightly clenched right hand while Paul licked the little beauties up and down from the heels to the toes and back again, masturbating furiously as he took in their orgasmically pungent silky-smooth gorgeousness and their irresistibly mesmerizing, heavenly taste.

"Um, excuse me, sir; did I ever, at ANY point, permit you to stop stroking?!" Lammy sneered lividly at Paul as she clasped her wondrous, sweat-drenched, saliva-dripping feet around Paul's...ahem...violently pulsating and throbbing pelvic log and gave him the footjob of a lifetime, finishing it off with a forceful, full-body thrust right into her own baby-maker!

"OHH, SWEET KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN ON A SATURDAY MORNING, THAT FELT SO ORGASMIC!" Paul moaned and shrieked at the tops of his Mickey Mouse lungs as his phallic volcano fiercely erupted at least a full cup-and-a-half's worth of semen into Lammy's vagina.

"Come on now, clean up after yourself like a good boy! You don't want to disappoint MOMMY, do you?!" Lammy sluttily teased Paul as he reluctantly licked his lips, lowered his head right in-between her gorgeously long and slender legs and began gluttonously eating her right out.

MEANWHILE, ALARMINGLY DEEP INSIDE LAMMY'S CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM...

"SPEAKING OF WHICH...HEY, WHAT IN THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE LOOKING AT?" Parappa blushed and stammered humiliatedly and embarrassedly, glaring seductively at the audience as he took the gooey, sticky semen that the immediately preceding events between Paul and Lammy had already caused him to violently ejaculate all over his adorably chubby little face and teasingly slathered it all over his naked 16-year-old puppy body with his bare, sweaty hands, clearly setting the stage for the events that were (mostly) predictably to come if anything!

MEANWHILE, ON KATY'S SIDE OF THE AUTISTIC SPECTRUM, PRESUMABLY AT THE EXACT SAME TIME AS WHEN THE LAMMY X PAUL FEMDOM SCENE WAS HAPPENING...

"Sweet jumping PINTO beans, man, it's almost as if we were literally MADE for each other!" Fleaswallow moaned and ribbited with pleasure as Katy began erotically grinding her strap-on against his beautifully, handsomely toned chest muscles like a slab of juicy medium-rare steak.

"You MEOWN each oth-PURR!" Katy meowed and purred with delight, wagging her tail lovingly as her strap-on ejaculated gloriously into Fleaswallow's eagerly awaiting mouth while the two of both awkwardly blushed, giggled and smiled adorably shyly and dorkily at each other.

"OHH...I daresay we literally go together like penis butter and TESTICLE JELLY!" Fleaswallow laughed uproariously as he and Katy curled themselves together into 69 position and passionately, lovingly, droolingly sucked each other's dicks, licking their lips and moaning ecstatically in the process.

"OH, YOU CHEEKY LITTLE BOY, YOU!" Katy laughed teasingly, swinging her hand down like...well, like a cat paw while Fleaswallow ticklishly teased over her womanly nipples with his long, dextrous tongue and then promptly began drinking and sucking the milk from her feline titties while Katy lovingly pressed his face up against them and stroked him on the back of the head as if he were an adorable little puppy dog that she was keeping as her housepet.

SPEAKING OF WHICH...

"OHH, I can feel my mind literally EXPLODING at the seams with seminally erotic stimulation as we speak!" Parappa overexcitedly yelled directly to the audience with an incredibly dorky helmet that looked like a pasta strainer over his head, shaking and bouncing violently in his chair and jerking his dick furiously as he parasitically downloaded at least three entire gigs' worth of Lammy X Katy porn directly from Lammy's memory banks into his own, laughing maniacally all the while.

MEANWHILE, BACK OUTSIDE...

"MMM...AHH...I LOVE YOU LIKE I LOVE WATCHING PEOPLE GET VIOLENTLY EATEN ALIVE ON THE INTERNET...WAIT, WHAT THE FUCK?" Katy and Fleaswallow tightly hugged each other and erotically whispered to each other as they warmly, moistly, drippingly caressed each other's tongues with each other's tongues, once again throwing their heads back and moaning loudly with pleasure.

"SHH, SHH...DON'T WORRY, BABY, I'LL ALWAYS BE THERE FOR YOU, AS FLYPAPER

IS ALWAYS THERE FOR ALL OF THOSE PESKY LITTLE FLIES THAT CONSTANTLY BUZZ AROUND MY FILTHY, DINGY OLD HOUSE..." Fleaswallow continued whispering (and flicking his profoundly long tongue) erotically into Katy's ear canals, licking both of her eardrums with delight as he lovingly wrapped his arms around Katy and powerfully thrust his mole-riddled, saggy penis into her vagina until his hairy, wrinkly, drooping testicles finally gave in and blew the deliciously creamy load of a lifetime into her...well, her pussy; what else am I supposed to freaking describe it as?

"MMM...I CAN SEE THAT WORDS CLEARLY AREN'T THE ONLY THING YOU HAVE A WAY WITH, ARE THEY?" Katy put her hand over her mouth in surprise and purred teasingly as Fleaswallow inserted his moist, dripping chameleon tongue all the way into her uterus and began cleaning out her vagina so hard that it caused her to have yet another orgasm all over his adorably ugly and putrid face, prompting them to also dutifully clean up THAT hot mess in the exact same manner.

"COME ON, BAD BOY, LET'S SEE WHICH ONE OF US HAS SEXIER FEET THAN THE OTHER, SHALL WE?" Katy playfully teased Fleaswallow, once again swinging her hand downward like a cat paw as she and him lovingly and ever-so-excitedly wrapped their deliciously long, stinky and sweaty little toes around each other's penises and began the footjob orgy of a lifetime.

"OH...OHHHH...OHHHHHH MY GODDDDDDD! Okay, it's official; you win..." Katy embarrassedly, meekly blushed and sighed, glancing off to the side and scratching the back of her head as she secretly admired the sheer amount of cum that her magical dildo had just violently squirted and sprayed all over Fleaswallow's ever-so-sweet-and-sweaty-and-sexy Jamaican frog soles.

"Would you care to do the HONORS, princess?" Fleaswallow smugly teased Katy, crossing his arms over his chest and winking inquisitively at her as she flopped down onto her chest and began passionately, romantically licking and sucking his feet and toes like lollipops.

"OHH, you'd better believe that I've literally NEVER been happier to do another man's honors at any other preceding point in my entire stinking LIFE, sweet prince..." Katy moaned and blushed intensely with pleasure as her seductive feline tongue teased its way all around Fleaswallow's lovely heels, through his scenic arches, up and over the glorious balls of his feet, all over his mesmerizing toes, and even in-between said mesmerizing toes, licking up a full cup's worth of her own girl-cum right off of a dirty and unwashed Jamaican frog's bare soles whilst doing so.

MEANWHILE, INSIDE LAMMY'S BRAIN, WHILE SHE AND PAUL (AS WELL AS KATY AND FLEASWALLOW) WERE BUSY BEING EXHAUSTEDLY SPRAWLED OUT ON THE FLOOR OF THE AUDITORIUM STAGE FROM HOW EXCRUCIATINGLY HARD THEY HAD JUST FUCKED EACH OTHER...

"Oh boy, THIS oughta be REAL fun..." Parappa snickered mischievously to himself, pulling out the Amalgamate Remote Signal Device that Alphys had also accidentally left just idly lying about in the Parappa universe after migrating back to the Undertale one and using it to call in the Amalgamates (which, naturally, had the power to freely jump between fictional universes due to being freakish eldritch monstrosities that the normal laws of the universe simply did not apply to the way that they did with normal beings) onto the scene, making a face that was literally the spitting image of the Grinch's infamous "wonderful, awful idea" face in the process!

## Chapter 4

### GIANTESS LAMMY X PARAPPA: PART 4

"You RANG?!" Memoryhead, Lemon Bread, Endogeny, Snowy and Reaper Bird suddenly appeared on-stage as Lammy, Paul, Katy and Fleaswallow screamed in horror, cowered down onto their rears and began frantically scooching backward and away from the horrid eldritch monstrosities in hopes that they wouldn't end up completely eating them alive (Lemon Bread especially).

"AWOOOOOOOOOOOOF!" Endogeny howled like a hyena, his nearly-innumerable, freakishly long and profoundly tentacle-like legs flailing about in the nonexistent wind as he slime-drooling, facelessly slithered and shambled his way toward Katy on all twenties, his massive face-hole expanding and contracting to highly unnatural extremes as the mysteriously glowing eyes of the cat silhouettes in-between his legs glared soul-piercingly at his new soon-to-be rape victims.

"Greetings, adorable little anthropomorphic ladies and gentlemen that I am very clearly about to viciously tentacle-rape the absolute living SHIT out of! This totally has NEVER happened in Undertale Rule 34 fanfiction BEFORE; am I right or am I RIGHT?! Oh no, most CERTAINLY not; ESPECIALLY not to ALPHYS or anything like that! My, how utterly PREPOSTEROUS that anyone could ever even THINK to believe such utterly nonsenical drivel as that!" Memoryhead laughed uproariously, extending a multitude of violently flailing tentacles from his countless eyesockets.

"Don't...even...ask..." Snowy moaned and winced in pain as one vertical half of her entire body (if you could even call it that) perpetually and disgustingly sloughed right off of the other while the ravenously hungry Vegetoid mouths that had effectively replaced her eyes laughed eternally and sadistically at her agonizing, debilitating, almost-unbearable, never-ending pain.

"You know, I honestly don't even know HOW many freaking times I've said this so far, but you guys are looking so goddamned adorable that I would even probably go as far as to say I could literally outright GOBBLE YOU RIGHT UP!" Lemon Bread laughed even more uproariously than Memoryhead, patting his androgynous belly with his slime-dripping arms and burping loudly as his slimy, melty, goopy and perpetually mold-dripping teeth quivered disgustingly in the (again, nonexistent) wind.

"Oh come on, really, WHAT are you so afraid of? My vagina will take REAL good care of YOU naughty little scoundrels if I do say so myself!" Reaper Bird laughed and squawked triumphantly as his vagina-mouth began viscously drooling god-knows-what all over the floor.

### MEANWHILE, INSIDE LAMMY'S BRAIN...

"Eh, I'm pretty sure I've jerked off to even WORSE shit at some point in my sad and miserable joke of a life before!" Parappa shrugged and chuckled smugly to himself, grabbing the microphone, clearing his throat, kicking back in his chair and briefly operating Lammy's manual control levers and buttons with his feet as he tried as hard as he possibly could to say something that sounded convincingly in-character for the poor mentally tormented girl.

"Please don't rape us, eldritch monstrosities straight out of a whole other dimension entirely; trust me, we'll do literally ANYTHING for you, we repeat, ANYTHING!" Lammy got down on her knees, waved her arms back and forth and desperately begged the Amalgamates with all of her heart, once again deliberately making her eyes look as adorably sad and twinkly as possible in an

attempt to garner sympathy from...whatever in the unholy name of fuck these things were.

"ANYTHING, you say?" the Amalgamates replied with a remarkably anime-esque flash of light suddenly emanating from their eyes, proving once and for all that "I'll do anything" actually was, in fact, considered an arc-word phrase whenever and wherever someone like Lammy uttered it to someone who was clearly (or at least very heavily impliedly) a serial rapist.

"MMM-HMM?" Lammy adorably crooned yet again while Fleaswallow humiliatingly wet himself in fear, prompting Katy to then immediately call her "silly boy" and lick the steaming, salty piss right up with her tongue while he just sat there, blushed and trembled in both second-and-first-hand embarrassment.

"Well, in that case, WE'RE GUESSING THAT ALSO INCLUDES LITERALLY GETTING FUCKING RAPED OUTRIGHT BY ALL OF US AT THE SAME TIME, DOESN'T IT?!" the Amalgamates laughed maniacally, their horrifically deformed and greatly oversized sexual organs throbbing and pulsating audibly with excitement as they immediately surrounded their new victims and zeroed right in for the kill...well, that is, until the sheer stress became so unbearably overwhelming that even Paul Chuck himself simply could not bring himself to take it anymore, at least!

"YAAAAAH! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE US ALIVE, YOU MORE-THAN-LIKELY-MELTED-AND-FUSED-TOGETHER-FROM-SEPERATE-ORGANISMS BASTARDS THAT LOOK LIKE THEY'RE PROBABLY ALREADY INTO THAT GODDAMNED STUPID FUCKING NECROPHILIA HORSESHIT ANYWAY!" Paul laughed maniacally, brandishing his fully-revved-up chainsaw and wildly flailing it at the Amalgamates...but alas, to absolutely no avail, since they were semi-liquid, completely invincible beings that literally could not die...much to poor Chuck's unpleasant surprise as his chainsaw literally phased right through them, of course!

"OH...WELL SHIT, LOOKS LIKE MY CHAINSAW ACTUALLY CAN'T LITERALLY SHRED RIGHT THROUGH ANYTHING AFTER ALL..." Paul leaned forward and sighed dejectedly as he unceremoniously stuffed his chainsaw back into his pocket in an act of reluctant, fearful surrender to the Amalgamates while Katy lovingly hugged and comforted Fleaswallow.

"Well, perhaps not...but my GUITAR sure can! BRING IT ON, NAYSAYERS!" Lammy laughed maniacally, leaping right up onto Paul's gargantuan shoulders and thrusting her ridiculous guitar-dildo right out for everyone in the whole world to see...and laugh at, of course.

"Well, if you insist, then I SUPPOSE such a thing can be arranged...you nasty motherfuckers, you!" Lemon Bread cackled mischievously as he tightly, mockingly hugged Lammy upside-down in his arms while hungrily scooping Paul right up into his gaping, halitosis-reeking mouth with his gooey, slimy teeth and began chewing diligently on his deliciously plump and juicy behemoth of a body while shoving his dick so far up Lammy's throat that it began traveling all the way through her digestive system (yes, this means esophagus, stomach and intestines).

"HIC...BRAPP...HURK...BLEAUGH..." Lammy hiccuped, burped, choked and vomited all over the base of Lemon Bread's almost-limitlessly bendable and extendable erection as said ridiculously massive penis wormed its way all the way through her upper and lower intestines, came right out of her asshole (with a beautifully drizzling little celebratory fountain of complimentary pre-cum right at the tip, of course), then immediately made a great big U-turn straight into her vagina!

"AHHH! OOOOOH..." Lammy gasped, moaned and blushed intensely with surprise as she reluctantly began giving Lemon Bread an upside-down footjob while Lemon Bread himself was busy chewing Paul like a piece of white-trash serial-rapist redneck bubblegum with his teeth.

"OOH, YEAH...I HONESTLY CAN'T BELIEVE THAT LITERALLY NOT EVEN ONCE IN ALL OF MY COUNTLESS YEARS OF SERVING MY COUNTRY AS A WHITE-TRASH, SERIAL-RAPIST, REDNECKED LUMBERJACK DID I EVER EVEN THINK OF INVESTING IN ACUPUNCTURE THERAPY...DEAR GOD, WHY DOES THIS LINE FEEL SO GODDAMNED FAMILIAR..." Paul moaned exasperatedly to himself as Lemon Bread sank his dangerously sharp, suspiciously moist and lubricative teeth into his warm, succulent and juicy flesh and nauseatingly licked him all over with his unspeakably slimy, putrid, tentacle-like, pustule-ridden and revolting bacteria farm of a tongue.

"JEEZE LAWHEEZE, WHY AM I ENJOYING THIS SO MUCH?" Lammy thought to herself (while Parappa embarrassedly nodded his head, stroked his dick and agreed), moaning and blushing orgasmically in both immense pain AND pleasure as her vagina quaked and squirted out a glorious fountain of bloody girl-cum all over Lemon Bread's unfathomably ginormous cock.

"SWEET THANKSGIVING TURKEY ON A STICK WITH EXTRA MAYONNAISE, I'VE LITERALLY NEVER ORGASMED HARDER IN MY LIFE! IF YOU CAN EVEN CALL THIS A FUCKING LIFE!" Lemon Bread threw his head back (causing Paul to accidentally fly backward into his throat) and screamed with orgasmic delight as his penis violently quaked and squirted out so much semen that it literally overloaded Lammy's vagina and began leaking all the way down her torso.

ABOUT FIFTEEN SECONDS OF LICKING THE CUM RIGHT OFF OF LAMMY'S BODY LATER...

"Oh dear, looks like I was so busy licking my own semen right off of Lammy's naked body that I didn't even realize I had accidentally swallowed my poor little CHEW TOY! Whoops!" Lemon Bread giggled girlishly, placing his hand over his ravenous, gaping maw and blushing adorably while his loudly and intensely rumbling and growling stomach violently tentacle-raped the absolute living bejeezus out of poor Paul!

"Hmm...you know what? You're looking mighty tasty...DOWN THE HATCH WITH YOU AS WELL!" Lemon Bread laughed and chuckled smugly, retracting his penis from Lammy's torn-up and internally bleeding digestive system, forcing her to lick every last drop of putrid, bloody cum right off of his majestically dripping shaft, then finally popped her right into his mouth like a Cracker Jack!

"WHAT THE- HEY, WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?! GET OFF!" Lemon Bread suddenly choked in surprise, then yelled angrily at Lammy as he realized that the clever little lass had just grabbed on to his big, dangling uvula in midair, and also that he would undoubtedly make himself throw up all over the place if he tried to poke her off of said uvula!

"Um...c-coochie coochie COO?" Lammy giggled awkwardly as she began tickling the base of Lemon Bread's violently waving and swinging uvula with her feet while also licking it with her tongue.

"Heh...well, (HIC) I suppose TWO can (HURK) play at THIS (HARK) game!" Lemon Bread hiccuped, gagged and choked, realizing that he clearly had no choice as he reached in with his also-disturbingly-long-and-flexible tongue and began licking Lammy's naked body from top to bottom with it while she desperately clung for dear life onto his oozing, dripping uvula!

""OH, I DON'T (HOCK) FEEL SO (YICK) GOOD..." Lemon Bread moaned and hiccuped, feeling lightheaded and sick to his stomach from the sheer amount of poking and prodding that was being done to his poor defenseless uvula...until it eventually became so much that he just couldn't take it anymore!

"BLEEEEEEEAUGH!" Lemon Bread puked, sending Lammy and Paul tumbling right out of his mouth and onto the floor in a nice, big and oh-so-slimy puddle of soupy partially-digested food slime.

"GRR...GAH! YOU LITTLE TWERPS ARE GOING TO FREAKING PAY FOR THAT ABSOLUTE EMBARRASSMENT, YOU HEAR ME?!" Lemon Bread yelled furiously at Lammy and Paul, spitting his partially unknown determination-slime substance all over them as he fiercely grabbed both of them with his arms and tossed them right back into his mouth, washing them down with a great big tongue-scoop of his own deliciously moist and slimy vomit.

"AWW, IS ALL OF THE SHIT THAT'S GOING ON RIGHT NOW TOO MUCH FOR YOU LITTLE WEASELS TO DIGEST?" Lemon Bread jeered teasingly at Lammy and Paul as the two of them tumbled straight down his seemingly bottomless, vomit-dripping esophagus (screaming and nakedly hugging each other all the way, of course) and landed right in his stomach with a great big acidic SPLASH!

"No, but your fucking ATTITUDE sure as hell- MMMMF!" Lammy and Paul started yelling back at Lemon Bread...when all of a sudden, a whole multitude of slippery, slimy tentacles extended itself outward from the fleshy, pulsating walls of his dank, dripping, cavernous stomach, wrapped themselves around their bodies and began tentacle-raping them from head to tits to crotch to ass to toe while the stomach itself lovingly soaked them in its putridly acidic liquid bliss, presumably as a form of lubricant for when Lemon Bread would inevitably end up having to expel the poor things from his disgustingly deformed and androgynous body the good old-fashioned way!

"Paul, why has God abandoned us?" Lammy asked Paul inquisitively while Lemon Bread's stomach-tentacles began lovingly milking her gorgeous tits like a farmer milks a stud cow while also gleefully digging themselves all the way through her poor, bleeding vagina and into her ovaries.

"Lammy, personally, if you ask me, it would seem not that HE has abandoned US, but rather that WE have abandoned HIM." Paul regretfully explained, shedding several manly tears from his already-watering eyes as Lemon Bread's stomach-tentacles dug themselves deep into his mouth and ass and began violently raping his internal organs while also doing the exact same to Lammy.

"HRRRRRRRGH...HNNNNNNGH...AAAAAHH!" Lemon Bread grunted and screamed loudly as he summoned a whole bag of pure dietary fiber, poured it down his throat and began forcefully pushing with his stomach muscles in an attempt to shit Lammy and Paul right out!

"HOO BOY, HERE WE GO!" Paul gasped and yelled excitedly, wrapping his arm tightly around the nervously trembling Lammy as Lemon Bread's stomach literally flushed itself like a giant disgusting toilet that hadn't been cleaned in something like the past three years, sending the two of them exhilaratingly careening straight down his intestinal tract as if it were some kind of demented, twisted, fucked-up waterslide brought to you by the perilous depths of hell itself!

"I WANT TO FUCKING KILL MYSELF WITH NICOTINE! WHEEEEE!" Lammy sang happily as she and Paul slid merrily (more like DISGUSTEDLY if you ask me) through the countless twists and turns of Lemon Bread's small intestine, being tickled by countless tentacle-like villi along the way (and laughing and giggling in response, of course) as they eventually reached the large intestine, then finally saw the peculiarly anus-shaped light at the end of the tunnel come into view!

"BRACE YOURSELF, GIRL, CAUSE THIS SHIT RIGHT HERE SURE AS HELL AIN'T GONNA BE PRETTY!" Paul urgently warned Lammy, protectively wrapping his arms around her and covering her eyes with one of his hands as Lemon Bread's anus expanded as wide as it could

possibly go!

"GYAAAAAAH!" Lemon Bread screamed in digestive agony at the tops of his eternally aching, slime-congested lungs as he violently shat Lammy and Paul right out onto the floor in a great big diarrhea heap, prompting Endogeny to then immediately start licking their naked bodies clean.



## Chapter 5

### GIANTESS LAMMY X PARAPPA: PART 5

MEANWHILE, ON KATY'S END OF THE TWO-WAY PHONE LINE TO HELL ITSELF...

"MAMA! MAMA!" the (presumably baby) Vegetoids that had grotesquely replaced Snowy's eyes began loudly wailing and crying as the poor eldritch monstrosity (who was also easily the scariest-looking out of all of the Amalgamates, just so you know) weakly, pathetically and nauseatingly shambled her way toward Katy and Fleaswallow, taking a rather peculiar interest toward Katy in particular...or to be more specific, her lovely feline chest-balloons.

"HUH? W-what are you implying? You're...you're saying that you want me to feed you my BREASTMILK?" Katy stammered nervously, her knees quivering and buckling in terror.

"MMM HMM..." Snowy regretfully informed Katy, struggling to continue shambling forward any further under her utterly horrific bodily conditions while the poor cat, out of sheer sympathy for the poor...well, thing...reluctantly obliged, approaching her and spreading out her tits as wide-open as possible for her gloriously self-sustaining, wonderful, uninterrupted sucking pleasure.

"My LORD, Katy, are you seriously willing to stoop THIS freaking low?" Fleaswallow stammered in shock, grabbing her shoulder and looking at her more-than-a-little worriedly.

"Fleaswallow, come on, be honest with yourself; can you really stoop any lower than...well, THAT?" Katy asked Fleaswallow inquisitively, gesturing over to the big screen of the auditorium, on which Parappa was currently being displayed sitting lazily on his douchey, inconsiderate, disturbingly naked little ass, controlling Lammy's brain from the inside to make her willingly get raped by everyone and everything in sight...and masturbating furiously to it in the process.

"Um...w-well no, I uhh...I suppose n-not..." Fleaswallow blushed, stammered and sighed awkwardly, twiddling his fingers together and sweating nervously as he embarrassedly cleared his throat, beginning to seriously wish that he and Paul had just outright caught Parappa in a little bug jar or something and taken care of him right then and there before any of this crazy shit had even had the freaking OPPORTUNITY to happen to him and his friends in the first place; meanwhile, Katy just put her hands on her hips and glared sternly at him, making a "wait" gesture to Snowy with her hand to inform her to wait until she was done talking to Fleaswallow.

"We'll...we'll talk about you and Paul's rather...QUESTIONABLE work ethics later, okay? Right now, we have very important...ahem...WORK to do!" Katy sighed embarrassedly, audibly swallowing her pride with an almost-comically-loud gulp, turning toward Snowy and reluctantly propping her own adorably feminine and feline tits up with her hands as she teasingly posed her incredibly hourglass-figured, delightfully slender and charmingly flexible little body for her.

"Tits here! Come and get your TITS here!" Katy slyly teased poor Snowy, crossing her arms behind her head, curling her tail around her lovely little legs and glaring seductively at her while her Snowdrake babies began lovingly grinning from ear to ear in response (which, by the way, actually looked rather nightmarishly disturbing, considering that their mouths represented her eyes in a very unsettlingly literal sense...in addition to the additional eyes that the Vegetoids themselves had. (The fact that the damned thing was constantly falling asleep and then waking up again as if it was literally dying and then coming back to life didn't exactly help matters either.)

"Oh, BABIES...I'm very happy to see how much gratification and enjoyment you're clearly getting

out of these deliciously tasty and nutritious little supple mounds of mine, but OHHHHHH, dear LORD, are you kind of overindulging yourself more than a little here!" Katy began moaning and stammering humiliatedly with pleasure as Snowy's babies began sucking lovingly and immensely passionately on her milk-jugs while Fleaswallow crossed his arms over his chest and glared smarmily at her, sticking out his tongue at her to show that he truly did, in fact, have absolutely no regrets about what he had just purposefully caused to happen to her poor, poor little lamb of a girlfriend.

"OOOH, MOMMMMAAAAAA..." Katy threw her head back and moaned loudly with orgasmic delight, purring and blushing intensely with pleasure as what felt like at least another full cup's worth of creamy and delicious milk came squirting from her adorable little nipples and into Snowy's babies' ravenous, insatiably hungry little mouths, causing both of them to happily lick their milk-dripping lips and squeal ear-piercingly, blood-curdlingly loudly with joy.

"Well, now that we've gotten THAT out of the way, I sure do WONDER what's next..." Fleaswallow groaned and sighed acidically sarcastically, rolling his eyes exasperatedly and facepalming himself out of sheer pent-up regret for what he had just INTENTIONALLY set into motion as Memoryhead and Reaper Bird excitedly shambled their way towards them with maniacal looks in their slime-dripping eyes...which for Reaper Bird, was actually just a singular sideways cyclops eye that also functioned as his mouth but was ACTUALLY just his vagina. Yeah, let's see you wrap your head around THAT absolute fucking biological craziness, shall we?

"Greetings, young travelers; again, I sure hope you like being MOLESTED!" Memoryhead laughed sadistically, wrapping Katy and Fleaswallow up in his many, many eye-tentacles and using said tentacles' ghastly transparency properties to fuck them in literally every internal and external part of their bodies at the exact same time, making their sexual pleasure feel all the more excruciatingly intense.

"OH, COME ON, WASN'T LAMMY GETTING FUCKED IN THE BRAIN ALREADY MORE THAN ENOUGH?!" Katy screamed in frustration as cum began leaking out of her nose and ears.

"OHH, how strongly I would prefer to be caressed in the devil's MOCKINGLY loving arms as opposed to THIS nightmare..." Fleaswallow thought disgustedly to himself as he suddenly felt large and excessive amounts of eldritch semen leaking down his ribcage and internal organs.

"Sorry, it's STILL not over yet, folks; you've still got whatever in the actual fuck THIS goddamned thing is to deal with! HAVE FUN!" Memoryhead smarmily teased Katy and Fleaswallow, tossing them arrogantly and self-importantly onto the floor as the freakishly tall and skinny Reaper Bird eagerly, unsettlingly slank and slid toward them on his disproportionately long and freakishly unnaturally-bent legs, drooling ravenously at the vagina. (Yes, that's right, THE FREAKING VAGINA.)

"Alright, kids, you must be at least THIS tall to ride!" Reaper Bird smugly teased Katy and Fleaswallow, comparing their normal body heights to his at-least-twelve-foot one with his freakishly malformed, eerily ribbiting wings as he scooped poor Katy right up into said wings while Fleaswallow intently stood directly underneath his...ass? (Yeah, that's right; THIS freaking thing, of all things, had an ass somehow, and it was actually a pretty surprisingly hot one too.)

"Alright, looks like it's time for us to get right UP AND DOWN to business with each other! Aw, what's the matter? What, you think that statement's a bit of a STRETCH?" Reaper Bird jeered douchily at Katy and Fleaswallow as he used his instantaneous height-shifting ability to repeatedly extend and then shorten his legs so that his penis went straight into Katy's vagina, and then Fleaswallow's much more attractive penis went into his ass, and so on, and so forth.

"OH, SWEET BOB MARLEY ON A UNICYCLE, WHAT AN AMAZING FUCKING FEELING THIS IS..." Fleaswallow sighed and blushed shamefully as his firmly erect penis squirted out a rather impressively sizable load into Reaper Bird's buttocks (with a fair bit of footjob help from the majestic bird himself, of course).

"GOLLY GEE WILLIKERS, I REALLY DO HOPE THAT SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES AREN'T CARRIED BETWEEN FICTIONAL UNIVERSES..." Katy screamed internally to herself, putting her hands on her cheeks ala Home Alone and shrieking with pleasure as Reaper Bird's dick was completely and utterly soaked in her vaginal fluid from top to bottom to nutsack.

"WELL, WHAT CAN I SAY? LOOKS LIKE YOU TWO JUST SO HAPPEN TO BE THE LUCKY CONTESTANTS THAT WILL NOW BE GIFTED WITH THE ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY TO BE LITERALLY EATEN ALIVE BY SOMEONE ELSE'S VAGINA! TELL ME, GOOD SIR AND MADAME, HOW DO YOU FUCKING FEEL ABOUT THAT?!" Reaper Bird laughed maniacally as he briefly set Katy and Fleaswallow back down onto the floor...only to then immediately pick right back up and shove them right into his once-again gaping and ravenous (vaginal) maw!

"OH, HOW I LOVE YOU SO..." Katy moaned with delight as she and Fleaswallow lovingly, erotically, romantically caressed other inside of Reaper Bird's vagina while the moist, dripping, throbbing and pulsating walls of said vagina tightly squeezed them together like peas in a pod.

"I REALLY WISH THAT THINGS COULD JUST STAY LIKE THIS FOREVER, DON'T YOU?" Fleaswallow moaned ecstatically (and somewhat exhaustedly, might I add) while he and Katy began fucking and french-kissing each other while Reaper Bird's vagina soaked them from head to toe in its erotically digestive fluids, making their boners all the more firmly erect.

"ME TOO, PAL, ME AND MY SICK NASTY FETISHES TOO..." Katy purred lovingly with delight as she and Fleaswallow intensely orgasmed all over each other, feeling the mixture of cum and digestive fluids relaxingly drip down their bodies as they began slathering it all over each other.

"OH, DEAR...THAR SHE BLOWS...GWAUUUGH!" Reaper Bird squawked orgasmically as his vagina-mouth forcefully ejaculated Katy and Fleaswallow right out onto the floor, where they then immediately began lovingly cuddling and snuggling each other for comfort while Lammy and Paul were busy being disgustingly shat right out by Lemon Bread and licked clean by Endogeny.

"Alright, you know what's next, you little SLUTS; yeah, that's right, it's freaking ELDRITCH CANINE BUKKAKE TIME for YOU four!" the Amalgamates laughed in rather eerie unison, gathering Lammy, Paul, Katy and Fleaswallow in a profoundly tight circle around Endogeny while the poor incredibly weird and disturbing jellyfish-dog began suggestively lifting his unsettlingly long tentacle-legs at them, as if implying that they were secretly his penises.

"Well, you know what they say; you never know how much fun it's going to be until you try it..." Lammy, Katy, Paul and Fleaswallow all basically thought to themselves as they dutifully crawled underneath Endogeny and began giving his legs as many different types of sexual jobs as their poor little bodies could possibly muster.

"Say, Endogeny...you know how Alphys once told you that she would literally climb Mount Everest naked just for you? Well, personally, just between you and me, I'd actually have to AGREE with her on THAT front!" Katy laughed maniacally as Endogeny raped her in literally every possible hole in her body (yes, even including those made by handjobs and footjobs).

"Now let's see how you like GETTING YOUR FUCKING LEGS REPEATEDLY SAWED OFF, you kinky little slut! Lemme fucking guess; you have a goddamned FETISH for it, DON'T you?!" Paul laughed as he began chainsawing his respective share of Endogeny's infinitely-regrowing legs right off, causing the poor dog to become even more sexually aroused from his own pain as the expansions and contractions and vibrations of his face began to noticeably intensify.

"I must not fear, fear is the mind killer, fear is the little death that brings total obliteration..." Lammy squinted her eyes firmly shut and began chanting desperately to herself as Endogeny also raped HER in literally every possible hole in her body (AGAIN, including handjobs and footjobs); meanwhile, inside her brain, Parappa was, OF FUCKING COURSE, masturbating his ever-loving foreskin right off to both hers and everyone else's agonizing humiliation as always.

"Well, what can I say, man? Sometimes a frog's just gotta do what a frog's gotta DO, man, you know what I'm SAYING? WELL?! DO YOU, MOTHERFUCKER?!" Fleaswallow began dementedly monologuing to himself as he...yes, HE HIMSELF...gave Endogeny literally every single type of sexual job that he possibly could.

"RUFF...WOOOOOF...AROOOOOOOOOOOWOOWOWOWOOF!" Endogeny ear-blisteringly howled at the tops of his lungs(?) as his massive face-hole suddenly began drooling literally five solid gallons' worth of pure, concentrated seminal ejaculate all over his victims, completely soaking them from head to toe and forming a massive, slimy and disgusting puddle of cum all around them, which the Amalgamates then proceeded to erotically, forcefully roll the poor souls around in like french fries being dipped in...well, mayonnaise (EWW)...while lovingly and ecstatically licking and sucking every last drop of semen right off of their naked bodies.

"OHHHHHHHHH..." Parappa moaned orgasmically and exhaustedly, twirling around on his tippy-toes and fainting head-over-naked-heels onto the soft, spongy and ever-so-fascinatingly wrinkly floor of Lammy's brain as his recently-ejaculated ridiculously massive load of semen (that he had, of course, fingerpainted into a heart shape, because why not?) began slowly, surely and disgustingly oozing its way down the screen of her central control computer.

"Hold on, guys; there's still just ONE more thing that I desperately need to do here before I leave for good!" Memoryhead urgently informed Lammy, Katy, Paul and Fleaswallow while all the rest of the Amalgamates disappeared into the shadows from whence they came, never to be seen by Parappa and his friends again.

"And that would be WHAT, may I ask- GAHHH!" Lammy and Katy began nervously, tremblingly asking in unison, their knees quivering and buckling with fear yet again as Memoryhead suddenly, (arguably) without warning, thrust his tentacles straight into not one but BOTH of each of the poor girls' ears, and from there, directly into their brains!

"Hey, WATCH it, pals!" Parappa yelled angrily at Memoryhead's tentacles as they suddenly burrowed themselves right into Lammy's poor brain, groggily rolling over onto his chest and then falling right back asleep again as said tentacles deviously hacked into her central nervous system and took control over her while the exact same thing also happened to poor Katy!

"AHM...pay attention, boys and...well, boys, because this rather interesting little puppet play that I've just recently written in my rather excessive spare time more-or-less accurately sums up EXACTLY how the relationship between Lammy and Katy will eventually end up at the rate at which things are currently going!" Memoryhead explained, with Paul and Fleaswallow just standing there speechlessly in front of him and scratching their heads in confusion.

"Hey Lammy, I just wanted you to know that I'm dumping you for a fucking stereotypically Jamiacan FROG; tell me, Lammy, how do you fucking FEEL about that?!" Katy asked Lammy in

a rather noticably puppet-like fashion, flailing her arms all around and about like a complete idiot.

"Well, what if I were to tell YOU that I'm dumping YOU for a fucking lumberjack beaver with the voice of a deeply intoxicated MICKEY MOUSE?" Lammy asked Katy back, also flailing her arms about like an idiot.

"Why, THEN I might just decide to take your guitar AWAY from you for a good while? Maybe even SMASH IT TO, LIKE, FUCKING PIECES AND STUFF if that's what it takes!" Katy began ranting furiously at Lammy, shaking her fists in a rather creepily unnatural manner at her.

"Oh, bitch please, MY GUITAR'S IN MY FUCKING MINNND!" Lammy laughed uproariously as she ironically pounced onto Katy, tackling her right over onto the floor and promptly initiating Rule 34.

"OH YEAH, SUCK MY FUCKING CAT TITS LIKE YOU MEAN IT..." Katy began erotically, lovingly purring and moaning while Lammy began sucking the creamy and delicious milk from her boobs while the two of them interlocked themselves together and began rolling back and forth on the floor in a great big ball of pure, concentrated, freakishly interspecies lesbian sex.

"MAN, FUCK CAT TITS...YOU OUGHTA KNOW BY NOW THAT LAMB TITTIES ARE WHERE IT'S FUCKING AT..." Lammy moaned ecstatically (and teasingly) as Katy began lovingly sucking HER tits right back.

"NO, A CAT HAVING SEX WITH A FUCKING LAMB IS WHERE IT'S AT, APPARENTLY..." Katy responded snarkily as she and Lammy erotically cuddled each other face-to-face and began warmly, moistly, passionately and oh-so-lovingly french-kissing and making out with each other in public.

"Still...you know, me knowing that a relationship as utterly BEAUTIFUL and LOVELY is going to be over so dreadfully soon...I just personally feel like it doesn't quite CUT it, you know what I'm saying?" Lammy asked Katy awkwardly as the two of them got down on their butts and began vigorously scissoring the living vaginal ejaculation out of each other.

"Um...pardon my asking, but what exactly do you MEAN by that, my good friend?" Katy asked Lammy curiously while the latter licked her lips and began lovingly, overexcitedly eating her out.

"I MEAN THAT I'M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU, YOU GODDAMNED STUPID BITCH, YOU!" Lammy yelled furiously at Katy (who, at the moment, was busy eating HER right out), pulling out a literal axe from her pocket and threatening to violently slaughter her own beloved girlfriend with it.

"HEY, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?! PUT THAT FUCKING THING AWAY BEFORE SOMEONE GETS BADLY HURT, I'M WARNING YOU!" Katy yelled worriedly at Lammy, doing the jazz hands and nervously backing away in terror as Lammy twitched her eyes frantically and began drooling, foaming and frothing intensely at the mouth like an untamed wild animal.

"SILLY KATY, MY GUITAR IS IN MY MINNND! YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, MY GUITAR IS IN MY FUCKING MINNND! HAH HA HA! YAHAAAAHAHAHAHAHAH! OHH HO HO HOOH! HOO HOO HA HA HA HA HA HA HA! AHH HAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!" Lammy began laughing like Ren Hoek (in other words, literally every bit as maniacally as could be) as she brandished the axe in her hands, aggressively approached Katy and began violently butchering her alive with it, with an incredibly horrific and nightmarish smile on her gently weeping and hysterically laughing face all the way.

"NO KATY, WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?! STOP, I'M YOUR GIRLFRIEND FOR FUCK'S SAKE! KATY, COME ON, I KNOW YOU'RE STILL SOMEWHERE IN THERE! KATY, PLEASE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS, WE CAN JUST TALK IT  
OW...OWWW...OWWWWWWWWWW! SOMEBODY PLEASE SAVE ME FROM THIS  
FUCKING NIGHTMARE, I REALLY DON'T WANNA DIE! SOMEONE! ANYONE! PLEASE,  
I'M FUCKING BEGGING YOU! YAAAAAGGGGHHHHH!" Katy began screaming, yelling and shrieking blood-curdlingly loudly in pain as Lammy began forcefully, bloodily, abusively and very gorily chopping her into pieces with the axe, starting with the arms and legs and ending with the tail, neck and torso.

"OH KATY, HOW I LOVE TO FEAST ON YOUR LOVELY AND DELICIOUS ENTRAILS..."  
Lammy moaned with delight as she scooped several internal organs (heart, lungs and liver, to be exact) from Katy's torso with her bare hands and ate them, smacking her lips disgustingly loudly in the process as copious amounts of Katy's blood began vomit-inducingly dripping from said lips.

"Um...K-KATY?! A-are you okay?!" Paul and Fleaswallow asked Lammy more-than-a-little frightenedly, wetting themselves yet again, trembling in terror and huddling up against each other while Lammy slowly but surely turned her knee-squatted gaze around to meet theirs.

"DO I FUCKING LOOK OKAY TO YOU?!" Lammy hissed and snarled lividly at them, blood covering the entire area of her face around her mouth as Katy's dead and horrifically dismembered body laid in front of her...with Lammy revoltingly slurping down her intestines like instant noodles all the while, no less.

"YEEEEESH..." Paul and Fleaswallow cringed and shivered deeply in disgust as Memoryhead phased himself right out of the room and disappeared for good without another word, leaving poor Lammy all alone on the floor, doubled over onto her knees, with her head buried deeply and sorrowfully into her hands, bawling her eyes out in disbelief at what she had just done.

## Chapter 6

### GIANTESS LAMMY X PARAPPA: PART 6

"OH GOD, WHAT HAVE I DO-HO-HO-HONNNE?!" Lammy wailed and wept devastatedly with her head still buried deeply into her hands, too disgusted and ashamed of herself to even look at what had just done to her poor girlfriend; meanwhile, there Parappa was, deep inside her central nervous system, masturbating just as loudly and passionately as ever...and also crying more loudly and passionately than he could ever remember himself doing at any other point in his life, so if anything, at least he was actually doing SOMETHING right this time around...RIGHT?

"Aw, don't worry, sweetie, it'll be okay, IT'LL BE OKAY!" Paul and Fleaswallow ran over to Lammy and began lovingly cuddling her in an attempt to comfort her; surely enough, before they even knew it, they themselves were also on their knees with their heads in their hands, bawling their eyes out in sheer sympathy for not only Lammy's plight but also what had just happened to Katy.

"SHUT UP, you two aren't even freaking certified members of our rock band! You have absolutely NO IDEA how I feel right now! I can literally, tangibly FEEL my emotions tearing and ripping me apart from the inside out until I'm nothing but a miserable, pathetic little pile of paper shreds!" Lammy cried, beating herself over the head with the blunt end of the axe before finally pointing the sharp end of said axe directly at her own pretty little forehead, closing her eyes and whispering "GOODBYE, CRUEL WORLD" as she reluctantly began counting down to suicide.

"5...4...3...2...1..." Lammy whispered hopelessly to herself, tears trickling down her face all the while as her nervously and regretfully trembling, tightly clenched, white-knuckled and blood-soaked hands reluctantly began zeroing in for the kill as she whispered "GOODBYE" one last time.

"OH, NO YOU DON'T! NOT BEFORE WE GET THAT OTHER FUCKING PARASITE OUT OF YOUR HEAD, THAT IS!" Paul suddenly laughed uproariously, tackling Lammy right over onto the ground while Fleaswallow nervously confiscated her axe and dutifully tossed it aside.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER THE FLOOR-AND-CEILING CHAINS HAD BEEN SET UP...

"Oh, how I yearn for death's sweet, FLEETING embrace..." Lammy once again moaned internally to herself as Fleaswallow stood in front of her and lovingly admired her hotly outstretched naked body (with the arms chained to the ceiling and the legs chained to the floor, of course), putting his hand way down his pants and fapping intensely while Paul climbed up onto a great big stool right behind her and looked down intently at the top of her pretty little head.

"Alright, let's see here, how's that little noggin of yours doing..." Paul whispered into (and playfully, teasingly licked the inside of) Lammy's ear, standing atop his magically extendable stool and cartoonishly flipping the top of her head wide open using an inexplicably-suddenly appearing set of creaky old hinges on the back, revealing her surprisingly (physically) unharmed and completely undamaged brain while the poor girl trembled audibly in fear, her rusty bondage chains shaking and rattling as she desperately prayed to God that Paul knew what he was doing (which of course, she already knew quite well that he REALLY freaking didn't in this case).

"Hmm...well, technically, I'm actually not a surgeon at all...really more of a LUMBERJACK if I do say so myself...but gee, I sure do wonder if THIS'LL do the trick?!" Paul laughed maniacally, pulling out his chainsaw and revving it up as he ominously lowered it down closer and closer to

Lammy's poor, poor brain...and closer...and closer...and even closer still...and even more closerer...and-

"FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, MAN, STOP IT ALREADY! YOU'RE GOING TO FUCKING KILL HER FOR SHIT'S SAKE!" Fleaswallow yelled furiously at Paul, lunging straight into him, pushing him right off of his stool and confiscating (and turning off) his chainsaw before finally standing in front of him, crossing his arms over his chest and glaring disappointedly with a piercingly stern look in his eyes.

"HUH? I'M STILL ALIVE! OH, THANK THE FUCKING HEAVENS!" Lammy laughed and sobbed dementedly, reopening her tightly-squinted-shut eyes and sniffing regretfully while Parappa audibly went "PHEW" and wiped the obligatory fear-induced sweat from his forehead.

"Paul, for crying out loud, man, there's seriously NO WAY that you could actually legitimately be this fucking stupid, COULD THERE?!" Fleaswallow threw his hands up in the air exasperatedly, rolled his eyes irritatedly and yelled frustratedly at Paul, shaking him violently by the shoulders.

"I THOUGHT BRAINS WERE PINK?" Paul dizzily, dopily slurred to himself, despite the fact that Lammy's brain in the story so far actually HAD been pink...rather profoundly bright pink, at that.

"Paul, for fuck's SAKE, dude, SERIOUSLY, haven't you EVER watched or played one of those cheesy old zombie movies or video games where people, exaggeratedly bloodily and gorily, might I add, literally SHRED zombies' brains out with chainsaws?! Well, get this, EINSTEIN; you almost did THAT to LAMMY!" Fleaswallow yelled furiously at Paul, slapping him across the face.

"Say...speaking of stereotypically manly, macho and masculine stuff, how's about we go and OBJECTIFY WOMEN some more? What do you say, pal, what do you say?" Paul asked Fleaswallow with a sly wink, pointing over at Lammy's naked, chained-up and incredibly sexy little body with his thumb while Fleaswallow excitedly winked back and shot him a thumbs-up.

ONE MORE STOOL FOR FLEASWALLOW LATER...

"MMM...oh, dear sweet Mother TERESA, they taste so freaking delicious..." Paul and Fleaswallow both moaned in unison as they playfully, lovingly licked Lammy's tantalizingly gorgeous bare soles from top to bottom and sucked her dainty, sexy little toes (again, like lollipops), causing her to giggle and blush adorably.

"OH YEAH, NOW THIS SHIT RIGHT HERE IS EXACTLY WHAT WE'VE BEEN FUCKING TALKING ABOUT ALL ALONG...YOU DAMNED BETTER BELIEVE IT, BITCH..." Paul and Fleaswallow moaned as they climbed atop their magically extendable stools and began taking turns violently and forcefully thrusting, shoving and pounding each other's penises into Lammy's wondrously tight pussy, collectively filling it to the brim with their creamy, gooey, ever-so-delightfully-sticky seminal love.

"Ah yes, ass and titties...by definition, the absolute best parts of any woman besides the feet and vagina..." Paul and Fleaswallow moaned like a pair of stereotypical gay twins (despite the fact that they were clearly talking about women) as the former began vengefully ramming his penis straight up Lammy's pretty little asshole while the latter began lovingly sucking her teats.

"And finally, here we have it, the absolute sexiest part of the body...the one that all of this poor girl's knowledge stems directly from, man...you ready, bro?" Fleaswallow asked Paul curiously as the two of them looked straight down upon Lammy's adorably spongy and squishy little brain, lowering their stools until said brain was perfectly at dick-level with their crotches while the poor



girl began violently shaking and trembling just as helplessly as ever in absolute terror.

"Well, you know what they say; her guitar is in her fucking MINNND! Ain't that right, you little slut? Well, GUESS WHAT, looks like MINE is also going to be lodged pretty fucking deep in there in just a second or two here! How do you feel about THAT knowledge, HMM?" Paul playfully teased Lammy as he and Fleaswallow eagerly began taking turns forcefully thrusting their firmly erect, sperm-dripping penises into the respective left and right hemispheres of Lammy's brain, hoping that their actions would eventually freak Parappa out JUST enough to where they would finally be able to flush the little bastard out. Sure enough, as fate would have it, they were actually right after all.

"ALRIGHT, NO! JUST NO! FUCK THIS SHIT, I'M OUT!" Parappa screamed in both horror and profound disgust, abandoning Lammy's central nervous ship and running for his sad, pathetic and miserable joke of a life as Paul's and Fleaswallow's freakishly gargantuan schlongs came bursting right in through the poor girl's already-aching-and-mildly-bleeding outer brain tissue!

"OH DEAR, HERE IT COMES...HERE IT CUMS...HERE IT- NYAHHHHHHHHH!" Paul and Fleaswallow flailed their arms about like chickens and shrieked at the tops of their lungs in agonizing pain as their phallic volcanoes collectively erupted a whole pint's worth of semen into Lammy's central nervous network, electrocuting them into cartoonish living crisps!

"WHAT HAS BEEN SEEN CANNOT BE UNSEEN." Parappa whispered unfeelingly to himself, scarred quite literally for life as he hurriedly climbed his way right back up the entrance/exit ladder to and from Lammy's brain, opened up the secret hatch and climbed all the way back up onto the very tip-top of her knowledge sponge yet again, hopping up and down to signal that he was, in fact, still alive.

"Well, look what we have here; a little BRAT, all dressed up for Lammy's sadistically vengeful amusement! AIN'T THAT RIGHT, BRO?" Paul chuckled maliciously as he grabbed the meekly squirming, ant-sized Parappa with his powerful manly hands and reluctantly set him down onto the floor while Fleaswallow politely closed Lammy's head and gave it a reassuring pat.

"Go ahead, Lammy, do whatever you want with him; I really hate having to say this, man, but it looks like OUR work here is finally done, so GOOD-BYE!" Fleaswallow undid Lammy's chains and regretfully waved goodbye to her, burying his hands and sobbing gently while Paul wrapped his big, burly around the poor mentally traumatized frog to comfort him while the two of them humiliatedly redressed themselves and walked nonchalantly out the main entrance door of the auditorium together without saying another word, leaving only two people still in the room (two very deeply and closely related people, to be exact): Parappa T Rapper and Lammy T Lamb!

"YOU...JUST...YOU...do you have ANY, I repeat, ANY(!) idea how fucking furious and disgusted I am with you right now?" Lammy sneered lividly at Parappa, shaking violently with rage, biting her lip so hard that it actually began to bleed, twitching her eyelids, and clenching her fists so tightly that her knuckles turned snow-white, with red-hot steam gently pouring from her ears as her face suddenly broke out into one of the most horrifying slasher smiles that Parappa had ever seen.

"Umm...I-look, it really wasn't my fault that Katy died, okay? Memoryhead was the one that went all deciding to throw that sick, twisted, fucked-in-the-head puppet show!" Parappa wet himself in terror at Lammy's (seemingly) intimidatingly colossal size, pulled out a megaphone from his pocket and stammered nervously in a truly desperate attempt to justify himself.

"Never even MIND that; for fuck's sake, this IS a freaking kids' game after all! Trust me, be it by cloning or some sort of weird black-magic ritual or some shit, the writers WILL come up with a way to bring her back eventually! In fact, that's actually REALLY not what I'm mad at you for at

all, believe it or not!" Lammy sighed and explained regretfully, shrugging her shoulders and blushing meekly.

"Well then, pray do tell, what ARE you so angry at me for?" Parappa asked Lammy curiously, despite already knowing the answer very well from both his own personal experience and hers.

"Going inside my fucking BRAIN and single-handedly reducing me from one of the world's most widely renowned and respected female rockstars into a goddamned helplessly objectified sex slave that takes orders from fucking douchenozzles like Paul and Fleaswallow, you fucking overrated little SHORTY SHITSTAIN MOTHERFUCKER THAT HASN'T DONE SHIT IN HIS ENTIRE GODDAMNED LIFE WITHOUT ASSISTANCE FROM OTHER CONSIDERABLY MORE TALENTED FUCKING PEOPLE, YOU!" Lammy ranted furiously at Parappa as she violently lost her temper and began chasing frantically after him, causing the entire stage to shake as if it had been struck by an earthquake (at least from Parappa's perspective) with every single footfall she made, with the poor pup running and screaming for his life all the while.

"HA! GOT YOU NOW, YOU FUCKING DESPICABLE LITTLE PEST!" Lammy spat disgustedly at Parappa as she finally backed the poor little thing right up against the side wall of the stage, leaving him with (realistically) nowhere else left to run as she lifted her massive(ly sexy) right foot way up into the air (wiggling her dainty, sweat-dripping little toes teasingly at him in the process) and readied herself to squash the nasty runt like the annoying little shit he was...when suddenly, the poor kid began very sincerely bawling and blubbing his adorable little eyes out!

"Oh, come on, I just wanted to be able to relive what I had seen in all of those legendarily fucked-up Undertale fanfics that also revolved around basically the exact same SUBJE-HE-HE-HECT! And also see what the inside of your clinically insane, severely drug-damaged shithheap of a brain really looked like! Is that really too much to A-HA-HA-HASK?!" Parappa got down on all fours like a begging puppy dog, wagged his tail and began bawling and blubbing like a baby in a surprisingly effective attempt to garner sympathy from his royally pissed-off rape victim and (again, SUPPOSEDLY) dearly beloved big stepsister Lammy, making her even more disgusted as a result.

"You know what? Personally, I think I'VE got a FAR more interesting question for YOU, my dear...you see these sweaty, nasty, dirty, slobbery, disgusting little feet of mine?" Lammy asked Parappa intently, pointing her feet straight up on the floor, pressing them together into the classic footjob position, rubbing lotion all over the soles and then smoothly rubbing them together as she teasingly beckoned the poor thing to them with her fingers.

"Umm...y-yes?" Parappa gulped nervously, his knees quivering and buckling in cowardice as he closed his eyes, concentrated as hard as he possibly could, and used his power of believing in himself to amplify his voice just enough to where Lammy could still hear him (which was still A LOT, by the way).

"GET TO WORK ON THEM RIGHT HERE AND RIGHT NOW, YOU LITTLE SHIT." Lammy commanded him dominantly, cackling mischievously and smugly reapplying her rosy-red nail polish onto her toenails before finally grabbing Parappa and forcefully sandwiching him in-between her majestic soles.

"SAY YOU'RE SORRY!" Lammy angrily commanded Parappa as she rolled him back and forth in her arches like a little ball of dough, causing him to accumulate all kinds of disgusting, revolting filth all over his naked body (as if he hadn't already done that SEVERAL times before, hint hint) as his nose shriveled up and bled (with his eyes also watering) from how utterly gross Lammy's feet smelled.

"I'm sorry!" Parappa whined desperately as Lammy planted her gorgeous feet flat onto the floor and began using them to roll him against the floor like a rolling pin, giving him vastly more of a boner than he had ever bargained for as he reluctantly (yet eagerly) began crawling underneath her feet like the dirty little insect he quite literally was at the moment and licking them from top to bottom.

"I DIDN'T FUCKING HEAR YOU! SAY IT LOUDER!" Lammy furiously commanded Parappa, digging her stinky little toes forcefully into Parappa's face as he began slavishly licking and eating the toejam right out from in-between them, realizing how much he clearly totally deserved such horrendously abusive treatment from the poor girl after what he had just done to her.

"I'M SAR-HAR-HARREEEE, OKAY? I'M FUCKING SORRY!" Parappa cried and wailed, covering his own eyes with his hands in agonizing horror and humiliation as Lammy took his entire body and shoved it forcefully into her semen-flooded, spunk-dripping cum dumpster of a vagina!

"GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG!" Parappa choked and coughed, nearly drowning from the sheer amount of gooeey, sticky sperm that was currently clogging up the inside of Lammy's suffocation-inducingly tight pussy as he desperately crawled his way out for dear life!

"Look, I'm freaking SORRY, okay?" Parappa choked, sputtered and coughed, plopping right out of Lammy's vagina and onto the floor in a nice big slime-puddle and spitting out copious amounts of cum onto the floor while Lammy laughed her ever-loving and firmly-toned ass off at him.

"I never actually meant to harm you THIS much, you know...it was just supposed to be a fun prank, like that one time when Asriel snuck inside Toriel's brain via tweezer insertion into one of her ear canals by Alphys and then proceeded to violently, fetishistically, disgustingly-" Parappa exhaustedly got back up onto his feet, looked straight up into Lammy's coldly judging eyes and began explaining...that is, until she abruptly cut him off yet again.

"Yeah, yeah, I get it, you just wanted to make me your adorable little sex doll, but did you REALLY have to go THAT freaking far with it? I mean, honestly, if what you just did to me tonight truly WAS, in fact, based off of all of those legendarily fucked-up fanfics...well then, couldn't you have just, like, written one YOURSELF or something?" Lammy groaned and sighed exasperatedly at Parappa and his distinct lack of common sense, shrugging and rolling her eyes disappointedly.

"Well...y-yeah..." Parappa stammered and bit his lip, blushing and scratching the back of his head embarrassedly as Lammy pulled out her own personal copy of Alphys' shrink ray from the pocket of her nearby signature pair of blue jeans and used its reverse function to grow Parappa to about the size of a small and chubby little mouse as she reluctantly and embarrassedly put her panties, blue jeans and bikini back on, shoving her signature shirt into her pants pocket as she gently grabbed Parappa by the floppy little puppy-dog ears, lifted him up and placed him cozily in-between her warm and fluffy boobs, teleporting all of her other stuff back into her pockets with a mere snap of her fingers as she slyly strolled her way out of the concert building and shut the doors tightly behind her, briefly pulling out her cell phone to call Chop Chop!

(Thankfully, Paul and Fleaswallow had decided NOT to publicize their drone footage of whatever in the actual fuck had just happened, mostly out of fear that they would lose their jobs and perhaps even sent to prison for quite a while if they did, so no one ended up getting arrested for it after all.)

"Greetings, Lammy! Now tell me, how has Parappa been tonight so far?" Chop Chop asked Lammy inquisitively as she hopped into her convertible Miata, set it to autopilot and relievedly drove it back home, feeling the wind gleefully whip through her hair while Parappa moaned with booby delight.

"Oh, he's been nothing short of an adorable little ANGEL! Haven't you, Parappa, haven't you?" Lammy teasingly and sarcastically replied, with Chop Chop somehow being gullible enough to fall for it regardless as she lovingly stroked Parappa's adorable little head with her left hand and brought her cell phone right down to his face with her right. (Thankfully, this wasn't video chat.)

"I...S-SURE...H-HAVE...H-HEH...HEH...HURK!" Parappa stammered awkwardly, covering his mouth and gagging as he tried his hardest not to violently throw up in retrospect from the mere thought of what had just recently happened to both Lammy and himself on that dreadful night.

"Umm...just for the record, Parappa doesn't exactly sound very sincere right now...Lammy, please tell me; you're not HIDING something from me right now, are you?" Chop Chop cocked an eyebrow and asked Lammy suspiciously while Parappa weakly, dizzily clutched his stomach and began swaying back and forth lightheadedly from the sheer nauseating amount of disgust that he was currently feeling toward himself (and also from motion sickness, but that's a whole different matter entirely).

"Oh, of COURSE not, you silly goose; he's just, uh, s-SHY like that!" Lammy giggled and blushed nervously, patting Parappa on the head and propping her boobs up with her free hand while the poor kid blushed bright-red from head to toe like a living lightbulb and hatefully cursed his own existence underneath his breath in absolutely mortifying humiliation and embarrassment. "Anyway, uhh...c-call you back later, okay? BYE!"

Once the two of them got back home to Lammy's apartment, Parappa and Lammy immediately headed straight into the latter's bedroom, where the latter then immediately used the reverse function of her shrink ray yet again, this time to grow Parappa all the way back to normal size.

"Aw, c'mere, you cute little bastard..." Lammy playfully teased Parappa, stripping herself naked, plopping herself onto her queen-sized bed and seductively sliding herself underneath the covers.

"I JUST GOT A BONER!" Parappa yelled ecstatically (under his breath, of course, so as not to wake the neighbors), snarkily parodying his own catchphrase as he excitedly dove right into the bed with his ridiculously hot and adorable big stepsister, where they then proceeded to lovingly make out all night.

"Leave it to Lammy..." Lammy slyly whispered and breathed into Parappa's ear as the two of them lovingly, romantically and erotically incestually cuddled, french-kissed and made out with each other for what they wished could be forever while the guys fapping to- I mean, watching them fuck each other on the apartment building's security cameras collectively went "AWW".

THE END

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